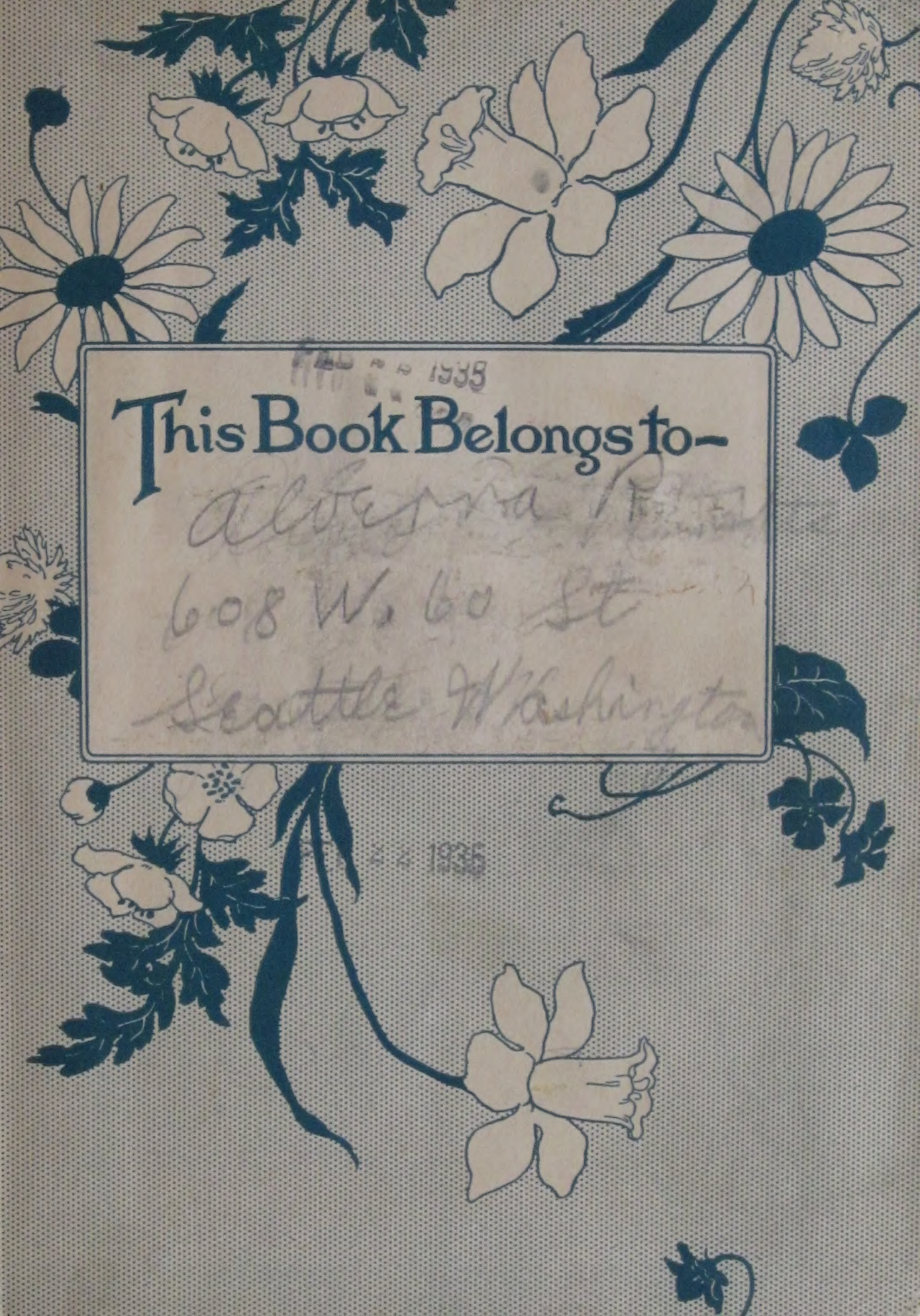
THE ELSON READERS

BOOK TWO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THE ELSON READERS

BOOK TWO

BY

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AND

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12 YEAR *Reading-Literature* PROGRAM

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PREFACE

Book Two of the *Elson Readers*, like the Primer and Book One, presents stories and poems of compelling interest—chosen from the best to be found in child-literature.

The book is distinctive for the many selections that impress a wholesome influence of high ethical ideals, particularly the ideal of *service*. There are stories not only from the past, fables and folk tales, but also present-day stories, rich in ideals of home and country, coöperation, and helpfulness to others—ideals to which the World War gave new meaning that the school reader should perpetuate. There are stories and poems of the flag, of Washington and Lincoln, and of the Junior Red Cross, as well as selections appropriate for festival and patriotic occasions—Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, Arbor and Bird Day, and Flag Day.

In the preparation of this book the authors have given particular attention to simplicity of treatment, not only in vocabulary and sentence structure but also in the story-element—the plot. A glance at the Word List will show the excellent distribution of the words of the text, page by page. A feature of the book is the large amount of reading material that it contains. Note, also, that several of the stories are presented in dramatized form, while many others lend themselves admirably to this treatment—thus offering project material of an excellent type. The many action stories adapt this book to the purposes of silent reading, a project of another important kind.

The illustrations, which are for the most part the work of L. Kate Deal, are not mere decorations, but have been so drawn as to present in visual form the unfolding of the narrative.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE WAKE-UP STORY

The sun was up. Five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kittens and one little dog were up, too.

They were all waiting for Baby Ray to come to the window. But Baby Ray was still fast asleep in his little white bed.

"Now I will get what he likes," said Mother. "When he wakes up, everything will be ready."

First she went along the garden path till she came to the old pump.

She said, "Good Pump, will you give me nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

The pump said, "I will."

The good old pump by the garden path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.

Then Mother went on till she came to the wood-pile.

She said, "Good Chips, the pump gave me nice, clear water for Baby Ray. Will you warm the water and cook the food?"

The chips said, "We will."

The good old pump by the garden path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the big, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.

Mother went on till she came to the cow.

She said, "Good Cow, the pump gave me nice, clear water for Baby Ray. The wood-pile gave me big, white chips. Will you give me warm, rich milk?"

The cow said, "I will."

The good old pump by the garden path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the big, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright.

Top-knot Biddy was scratching in the ground.

Mother went to her and said, "Good Biddy, the pump gave me nice, clear water for Baby Ray. The wood-pile gave me big, white chips. The cow gave me warm, rich milk. Will you give me a new-laid egg?"

The hen said, "I will."

The good old pump by the garden path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the big, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And Top-knot Biddy an egg new and white.

Then Mother went on till she came to the apple tree.

She said, "Good Tree, the pump gave me nice, clear water for Baby Ray. The wood-pile gave me big, white chips. The cow gave me warm, rich milk. The hen gave me a new-laid egg. Will you give me a pretty, red apple?"

The tree said, "I will."

So Mother took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house. There was Baby Ray looking out of the window!

Then she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him. While she was doing this she told him the Wake-Up Story:

The good old pump by the garden path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The big, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright;
Top-knot Biddy an egg new and white.
And the tree gave an apple so round and so red,
For dear Baby Ray who was just out of bed.

—Eudora Bumstead—Adapted.

THE STAR DIPPER

Once there was a little girl who was very, very kind. She and her mother lived in a little house. It was near a big woods.

One night her mother was sick. It was a very warm night.

"Oh, I am so thirsty," said her mother. "I wish I had some nice, cool water."

"I will get you some water, Mother," said the little girl.

So she took an old tin dipper and ran to the pump. But the pump would not give her any water. The well was dry.

"What shall I do?" said the little girl. "My mother must have some nice, cool water. I will run to the spring in the woods. It is very dark, but I must not be afraid."

So she ran down the road to the dark woods. She could not see where she was going. The sharp stones cut her feet, but she ran on and on.

It was so dark that she lost her way among the trees. But she did not turn back. "I must get some water for my mother," she said.

At last she found the spring, and filled her dipper. Then she started back home.

On the way home she met a little dog. She knew that he must be thirsty, as all the brooks were dry.

"Come, little dog," said the kind girl. "I will give you some of this nice, cool water."

She poured some water into her hand, and the little dog drank and drank.

Then a queer thing happened. The old tin dipper turned to shining silver. It was as bright as the silver moon. Then the little girl could see her way.

She went on faster and faster. Soon she met an old, old man.

"Oh, I am so thirsty!" said the old man. "I have walked a long way. All the brooks are dry. Can you tell me where I can get a drink of nice, cool water?"

"I will give you some," said the little girl. So she gave the old man a drink from her dipper. Then another queer thing happened. The silver dipper turned to shining gold. It shone like the golden sun.

At last the little girl reached her home. She gave her mother the golden dipper. "Oh, how cool this water is!" said her mother. She drank and drank until there was no more water in the dipper.

"Thank you, my good little girl," said her mother. "I feel so much better, now!"

Then a wonderful thing happened. The golden dipper turned to sparkling diamonds. They went up, up, up into the sky and turned to seven bright stars. They made a star dipper in the sky.

That was a long, long time ago, but the star dipper is still in the sky. It shows how brave a kind-hearted little girl can be.

—Old Tale.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my window peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark;
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

—*Jane Taylor.*

WHAT LIGHTS THE STARS?

I've wondered, oh, so many times,
What lights the stars at night.
And now, at last I've found it out!
I know that I am right!

For only half an hour ago
A band of bright fireflies
Danced in and out among the trees,
A-searching for the skies!

And just a minute after that
The stars shone clear and bright!
Of course, the fireflies lighted them!
Now, tell me, am I right?

—Emeline Goodrow.

THE NAUGHTY SHADOW

Once there was a little boy who wanted his shadow to come to him. "Come to me!" the boy said. "I want you; come to me!"

But the shadow stood still.

Then the boy ran toward the shadow, but the shadow ran away. The little boy ran faster, but the shadow ran just as fast as he did. It would not come to him.

When at last the little boy was tired and sat down to rest, the shadow sat down, too.

"If you won't come to me," said the little boy, "sit still, and I will come to you."

The little boy got up, but the shadow got up, too.

Then the little boy became angry. "Do as you please," he said. "You are a naughty shadow. I shall not ask you again to come to me."

Then the little boy turned and ran away from the shadow. He ran and ran and ran.

After he had run a long time, he looked back.

There was the little shadow, close to him.

"Oho!" said the little boy. "Now I know how to make you come to me!"

—*Russian Tale.*

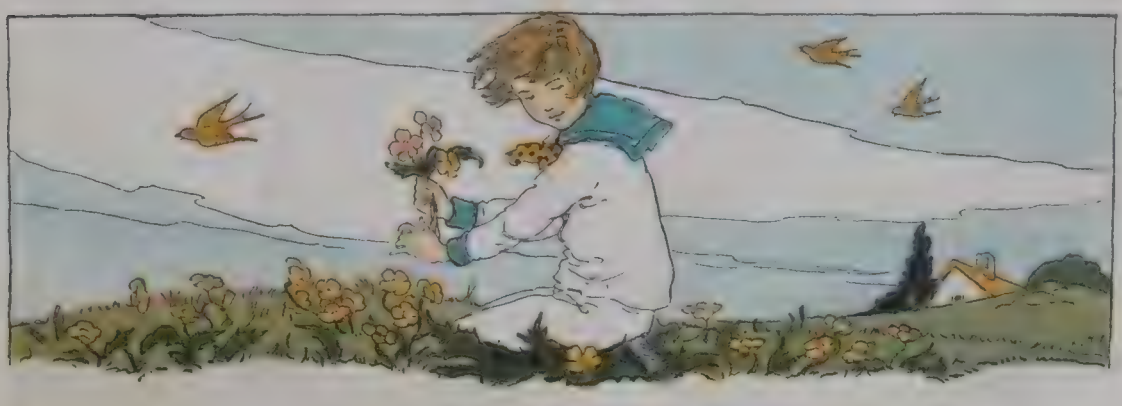
MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night,
And dress by yellow candle light;
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed, and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

LUCKY HANS

I

Hans had been away from home for seven years. He had worked hard, and now he wanted to go home to see his mother.

His master said to him, "You have been a good boy. You may go home, Hans. You have worked hard, and I will pay you well."

So he gave Hans a piece of silver as big as his head.

"How lucky I am!" said Hans. He tied up the silver in a big cloth and put it over his shoulder. Then he started for home.

It was a hot day, and the silver began to feel heavy. Hans soon got very tired.

By and by he saw a man coming down the road. He was riding on a fine horse.

The man was so happy that he sang a song as he rode along.

"Oh, dear!" said Hans. "How tired I am! This silver is so heavy that it hurts my shoulder. I wish I had a horse! Then I could be happy, too, and sing as I rode along. If I only had a fine horse!"

The man heard Hans. "Why do you go on foot, then?" he asked.

"I go on foot because I have no horse," said Hans. "I have such a heavy load! It is only a piece of silver, but it is so heavy that it hurts my shoulder."

"Let us trade," said the man. "I will take the silver, and you may take the horse. When you want to go fast, pull the reins and say, 'Get up!' "

"I shall be glad to trade," said Hans.

So the man took the silver, and Hans got on the horse. "How lucky I am," he said. Away he rode on his horse.

Soon he wanted to go faster. He pulled the reins and said, "Get up!" Away went the horse, faster and faster. Away went Hans, too, off the horse. The horse ran away as fast as he could go.

II

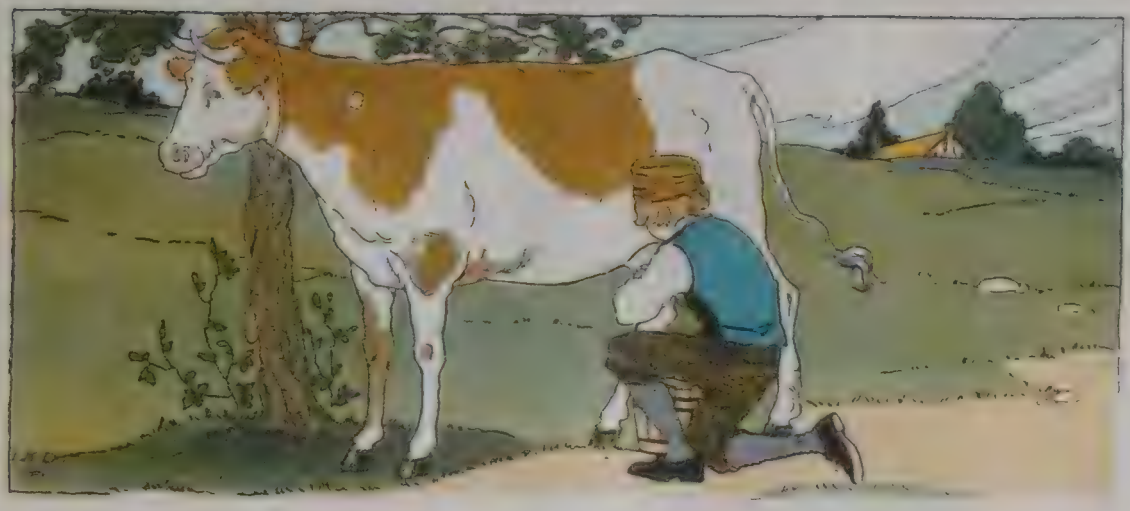
Just then another man came along. This man was driving a cow. He caught the horse and brought it back to Hans.

"How do you feel?" asked the man.

"Oh, I had a hard fall," said Hans. "No more horses for me! I wish I had your cow. I could walk slowly after her along the sunny road. I could have nice, rich milk every day."

"Let us trade," said the man. "You take the cow, and I will take the horse."

"I shall be glad to trade," said Hans.



Hans clapped his hands for joy. "How lucky I am!" he said.

The man got on the horse and rode away. Hans drove the cow slowly along the road. He walked on and on and on until he got very tired.

He got thirsty, too, oh, so thirsty! "I know what to do," said Hans. "I will milk my cow and drink the milk."

So he tied the cow to a tree. Then he tried to milk her, but he could not get a drop of milk.

He tried and tried until the cow got very cross. At last she kicked Hans, and over he went in the dust.

Hans lay on the ground a long time. At last a butcher came along the road. He had a pig in a wheelbarrow.

"What happened to you, my boy?" asked the man. Hans told him. "That cow will give no milk," said the butcher. "She is an old cow. She must be killed for beef."

"Oh, dear!" said Hans. "I don't like beef. I wish I had a pig. Then I could kill it and eat it. I like pork better."

"Let us trade," said the butcher. "You take the pig, and I will take the cow."

"How lucky I am!" said Hans. He gave the cow to the butcher. Then he took the pig, and tied a string around its leg.

Off he went, driving the pig. "Now my troubles are over," he said.

By and by he met a man carrying a goose. "Where are you going?" asked the man.

Hans told him about the horse and the cow. "Now I have a fine pig," said Hans.

The man shook his head. "I am sorry for you, my boy," he said. "Your pig may get you into trouble. Do you see that little town over there? It is on your way.

"A pig has been stolen there and they are looking for the thief. They will see this pig and will think it is the stolen pig. Then they will throw you into the pond."

This frightened Hans very much. "Let us trade," he said. "You take the pig, and I will take the goose."

"Very well," said the man. So they made the trade.

"How lucky I am to get rid of that pig!" said Hans, as he walked along, carrying the big white goose.

III

When he got to the little town, he saw a scissors-grinder working and singing.

"You look happy," said Hans.

"I am happy," said the man. "A good scissors-grinder always has money in his pocket. Where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I did not buy it," said Hans. "I traded a pig for it."

"Where did you buy the pig?" asked the scissors-grinder.

"I did not buy it, either," answered Hans. "I traded a cow for it."

"Where did you get the cow?" asked the scissors-grinder.

"I traded a horse for it," answered Hans.

"Where did you get the horse?" asked the scissors-grinder.

"I traded a piece of silver for the horse," answered Hans. "The piece of silver was too heavy for me to carry."

"Where did you get the silver?" asked the scissors-grinder.

"Oh, I worked seven long years for that," answered Hans.

"You have done well," said the scissors-grinder, "but you can do better. You can always find money in your pocket."

"How can I do that?" asked Hans.

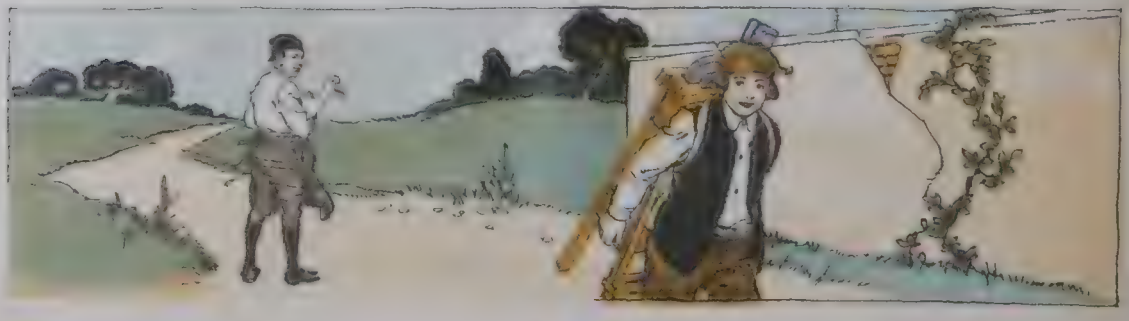
"You must be a scissors-grinder," said the man. "All you need is a grindstone."

"Let us trade," said Hans. "You take the goose, and I will take the grindstone."

"I am willing," said the scissors-grinder. So they made the trade.

"How lucky I am!" said Hans as the scissors-grinder went off with the goose.

Hans took the grindstone and walked on and on and on until he got very tired.



By and by he came to a pond. "How thirsty I am!" said Hans. He put the grindstone on the bank and stooped down to get a drink.

Just then the grindstone fell over, and into the pond it went.

Hans watched it go down, down into the water until he could see it no longer. Now he had no grindstone to carry.

Hans was as happy as he could be. "How lucky I am!" he said. "No one was ever so lucky as I."

Then he went on to his mother's house.

—Old Tale.

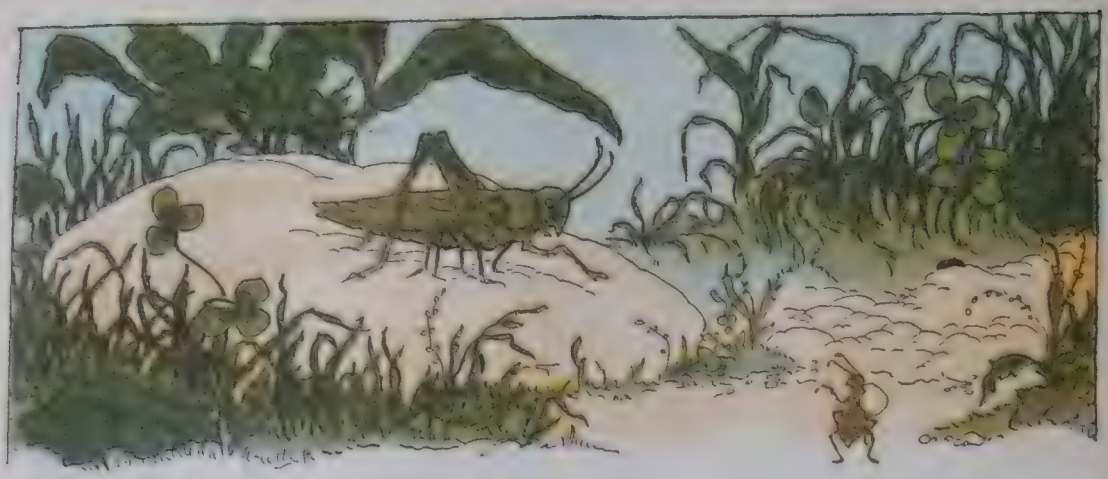
THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away.

And her arm's trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Once an ant and a grasshopper lived in the same field.

The ant was a great worker. In summer she laid up food for the winter. But the grasshopper was lazy and played all day.

"Why do you work so hard, friend ant?" said the grasshopper, one summer day. "I dance and sing and have a good time."

"If I play in summer," said the ant, "what shall I do for food in winter?"

"Winter is a long way off," said the grasshopper, as he went away, singing.

"Poor grasshopper!" said the ant. "He will live and learn."

At last winter came. The birds had all gone away, and snow covered the ground. How cold it was!

The ant had gone into her warm house, which was full of food. The cold could not harm her. But the poor grasshopper had no home and no food. He was stiff with cold, and he was very hungry, too.

So the grasshopper went to the ant's house.

"Will you give me something to eat?" he asked. "I have had nothing to eat for two days. The snow is so deep that I can find no food."

"Poor grasshopper!" said the ant. "In summer you sang while I was hard at work. Now you may dance for your supper."

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.

THE FOOLISH FROG

Once an ox came to a pond to get a drink of water. Some little frogs were playing on the bank of the pond. They had never seen an ox before, and they were very much frightened.

So they ran to their mother and said, "Oh, Mother, we have seen such a big animal, drinking all the water out of our pond!"

Now, the mother was a proud old frog who thought that she could puff herself up and make herself as big as the strange animal was.

"How big was this wonderful beast that you saw? Was it as big as this?" she asked, blowing and puffing herself out.

"Oh, it was much bigger than that, Mother," said the young frogs.

Then puffing and blowing with all her might, she asked them, "Was this strange animal as big as I am now?"

"Oh, Mother," answered the little frogs, "if you were to try till you burst, you would not be half as big as the beast that we saw drinking in the pond."

The silly old frog was so proud that she tried again and again to puff herself out still more.

But each time the little frogs told her that the strange beast was bigger than she was. At last she puffed so hard that she burst herself.

How foolish it is to try to do something that we can not do.

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.

PLEASING EVERYBODY

Once an old man and his little boy were taking a small donkey to the next town, where they wanted to sell it. They walked along the road together and drove the donkey before them.

On the way they met a man who said to them, "How foolish you are! Surely that donkey is stronger than you are. Why does not one of you get on his back and ride? Riding is easier than walking."

So the old man put the boy on the donkey's back, and they went on again.

Soon they met another man. "You lazy boy!" he cried. "Are you not ashamed to ride, and let your poor old father go along the road on foot?"

So the old man told the little boy to get off and walk. Then the old man got on the donkey's back, and they went on again, toward the town.

Then two women came along. One of them said, "Look at that selfish old man. He rides, and makes his poor little boy walk. There is room enough on the donkey's back for both the old man and the little boy."

So the old man told the boy to sit on the donkey's back behind him, and they rode along together.

Soon they met another man, who asked them, "Is that your own donkey?"

"It is," answered the old man.

"I should not think so," said the man. "If it is your donkey, why do you give it such a heavy load? You two are better able to carry that poor little donkey than he is to carry you."

So the old man and the little boy got off the donkey and tied its legs to a pole. Then they put the pole over their shoulders, and in this way carried the donkey.

The load was so very heavy that they had to walk slowly.

By and by they reached the town. "Ho, ho! ho, ho, ho!" laughed every one they met. "What a funny sight! Who ever saw a man and a boy carrying a donkey? Ho, ho! ho!"

The old man became very angry. He put the donkey down, untied him, and threw away the pole.

"Now I shall do just what I thought best at first," he said to the little boy. "You and I will walk, and we will drive the donkey before us."

He who tries to please everybody pleases nobody.

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.

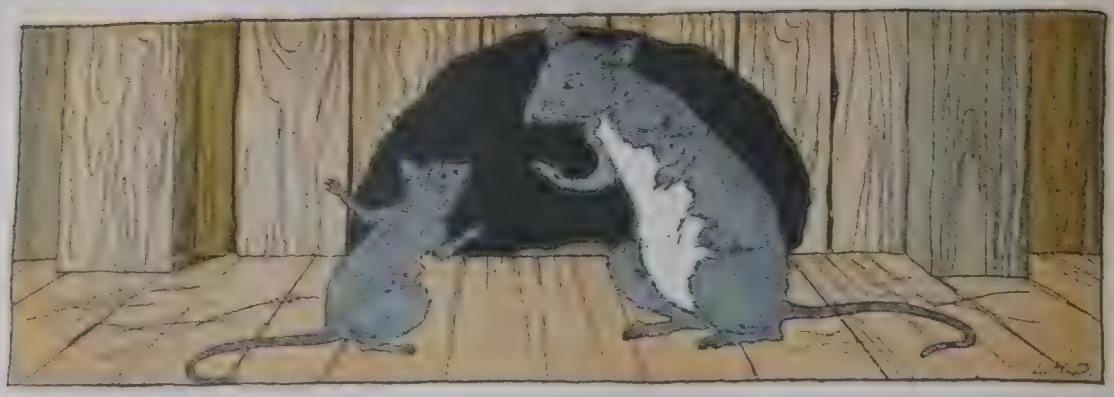
THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A dog once lay in a manger that was full of hay.

A hungry ox came to the manger and wanted to eat the hay, but the dog barked at him and would not let him have any of it.

"You selfish old dog!" said the ox. "You ought to be made to starve the rest of your life. For you can not eat the hay, and you will not let anyone else have any."

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.



LITTLE MOUSE AND THE STRANGERS

Little Mouse: Squeak! squeak! squeak! Oh, Mother, Mother! I have had such a fright!

Mother Mouse: What has happened, Little Mouse? Where have you been?

Little Mouse: Oh, Mother! I was tired of our little home, so I have been out to see the world.

Mother Mouse: Oh, my dear child! Did you go all alone? No wonder you are frightened. Home is best for Little Mouse. Where did you go?

Little Mouse: I went to the barnyard. Squeak! squeak! It frightens me yet, when I think of it.

Mother Mouse: Tell me about it. What did you see to frighten you so?

Little Mouse: At first I was not frightened. I saw a beautiful animal who looked a little like me.

Mother Mouse: A little like you? Oh, no! There is no one like you in the barnyard.

Little Mouse: Yes, she was like me, Mother, but she was much bigger than I am. She had fur like mine, but it was much longer.

Mother Mouse: Little Mouse, you frighten me. Quick, quick! Tell me more about this animal. I am afraid I know who it was.

Little Mouse: She was lying on the grass, in the sun. She looked kind and gentle. I thought she might like little mice, so I started to go up and speak to her. She made a pleasant sound—purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!

Mother Mouse: Oh, my dear Little Mouse, that was a cat! You have been in great danger. The cat does like little mice, but she likes them to eat!

Quick, tell me! You did not try to speak to her, did you?

Little Mouse: No, Mother; I did not have time. For just then I saw a strange and dreadful animal.

Mother Mouse: Who could that be, Little Mouse? The cat is the most dreadful animal you could see.

Little Mouse: Oh, no, Mother! Listen, and I will tell you. This animal had a long, sharp nose.

Mother Mouse: A long, sharp nose? The pig has a long nose, but it is not sharp.

Little Mouse: He had a red chin that shook when he moved.

Mother Mouse: A red chin? None of the animals in the barnyard has a red chin. This must have been a strange, wild beast. Tell me more about him.

Little Mouse: He had something red on his head, too, and he had only two legs.

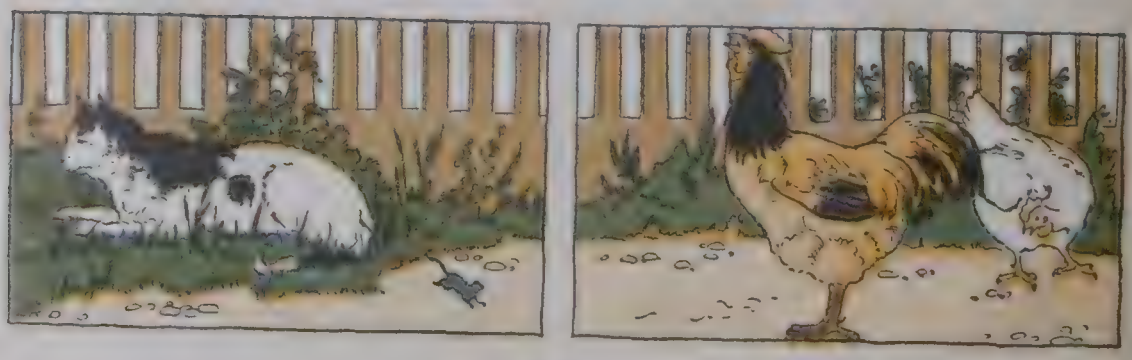
He stretched out his long neck and made a dreadful noise — Cock - a - doodle - doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

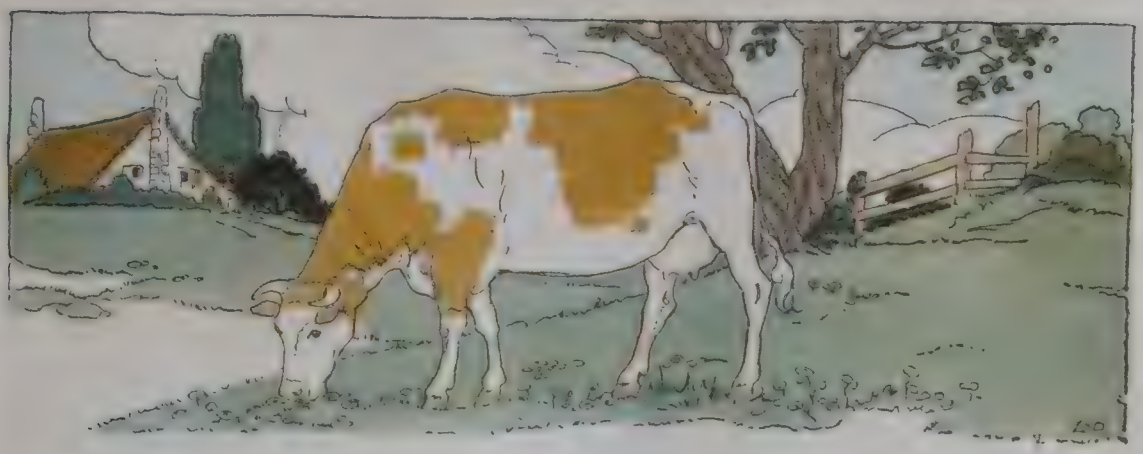
Mother Mouse: Oh, squee-hee-hee! Never mind if I laugh, Little Mouse. Now I know what the strange beast was. That was a cock! He has a red comb and a long beak, but he will not harm you.

Little Mouse: But, Mother, how shall I tell what beasts will harm me? The cat looked so kind, and the cock looked so fierce.

Mother Mouse: Do not speak to strange beasts. You can not tell by their looks what they will do. Remember, Little Mouse, that good deeds are better than good looks.

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.





THE COW

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders, lowing, here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

TARO AND THE TURTLE

Taro was a fisherman who lived long, long ago. He was young and strong, and he could catch more fish than anybody else.

He was very kind, too. In all his life he never had teased or hurt anything.

One time when Taro had been fishing all day, he was very tired and hungry. He was going home to eat and rest.

On his way he saw some boys who had caught a turtle and were teasing it.

Taro felt so sorry for the turtle that he gave the boys some money, and they gave him the turtle. Then Taro talked kindly to the boys until they promised him not to tease animals again.

Taro stroked the turtle's back. "Poor thing!" he said. "I will take you to your home in the sea. I have heard that a turtle can live a thousand years. Do not let anyone catch you again. Then you will live a thousand years."

So Taro put the turtle into the water and went home, for he was tired.

The next morning Taro got up early and went out in his boat to fish. The sky and the sea were very blue, and the air was soft and warm.

Taro went on and on in his little boat. He passed all the other boats and went far, far out on the sea.

"Oh, I am so happy!" he said. "I wish I could live a thousand years, like the turtle."

All at once Taro heard someone calling him. "Taro! Taro! Taro!" called the voice. The voice was as clear as a bell.

Taro stood up in his boat and looked out over the water, but he could see no boats.

"Who is calling me?" he asked.

"I am calling you, Taro," said a clear, soft voice. "I have come to thank you for saving my life."

There, by the side of the boat, was the turtle that Taro had put back into the water.

"Will you come with me, Taro?" said the turtle. "I will take you to my home. It is in the Sea-King's palace at the bottom of the sea. It is always summer there."

"I am strong," said Taro, "but I can not swim so far."

"Get on my back," said the turtle.

"Oh, you are too small," said Taro. "You can not carry me. I am very sorry that I can not go. I should like to see the Sea-King's palace, and the land of summer."

Taro looked sadly at the turtle. But what did he see? The turtle was getting bigger and bigger! It grew bigger than Taro!

"Now I am not too small," said the turtle.

Taro got on its back. Down they went into the sea, through the clear water.

At last they saw a great gate and behind it the Sea-King's palace. All around it was the land of summer, where birds sang and flowers bloomed.

Taro and the turtle went up to the great gate. A gatekeeper stood there. He was a fish, and all his helpers were fishes.

"This is Taro," said the turtle. Then all at once the turtle was gone.

"Come with us, Taro," said the gatekeeper. "We know where to take you."

The gate opened, and Taro and the fishes went into the Sea-King's palace.

They took him to a beautiful Princess. Her dress was green, like the water, and her voice was as clear as a bell.

"Come here, Taro," she said. "I am the Sea-King's child. Yesterday you saved my life. Here in the land of summer I am a Princess. When I go to your land I change to a turtle. I was the turtle you saved.

"This morning I heard you wish you could live a thousand years. Come and live with me. I will share everything with you."

So Taro and the Princess lived a thousand years in the land of summer, under the sea.

—*Japanese Tale.*

THE ELEPHANT AND THE MONKEY

Once upon a time an elephant and a monkey had a quarrel.

The elephant was proud because he was so strong. "See how big and strong I am!" he said. "Can you pull a tree down?"

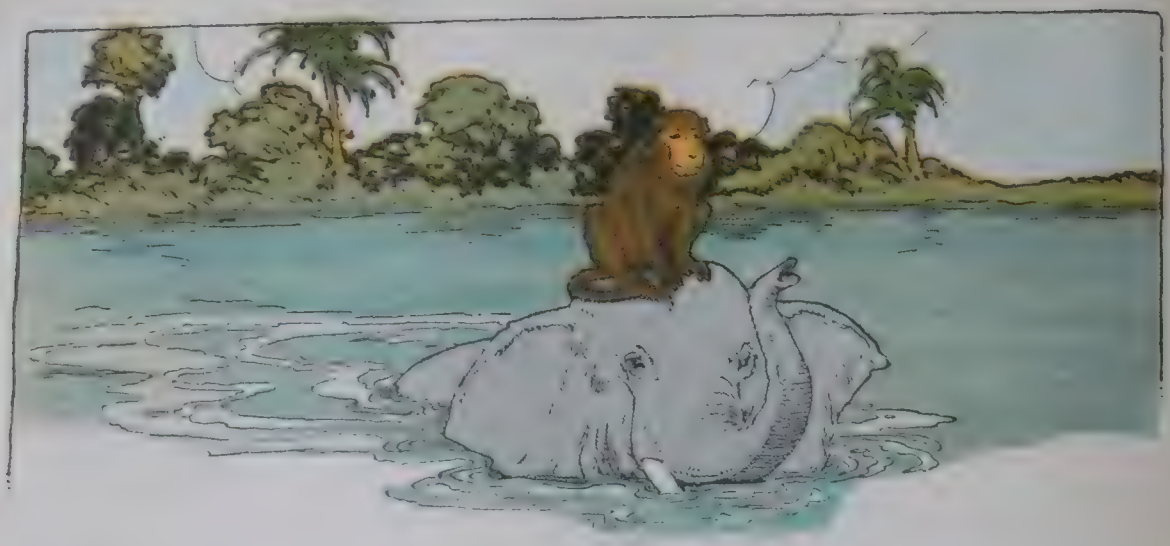
Now the monkey was proud because he was so quick. "See how fast I can run and climb!" he said. "Can you climb a tree? Can you hang by your tail from a branch?"

At last they went to a wise old owl.

"We can not agree," they said. "Tell us what you think about it. Which is better —to be strong, or to be quick?"

The owl said to them, "Do just as I tell you, so that I may find out which is better. Do you see that great fruit tree across the river? Go and pick the fruit and bring it to me."

So they went to the river, but the water was so swift that the monkey was afraid.



"Get on my back," said the elephant, proudly. "I am big and strong. I am not afraid to swim across a swift river."

So the monkey got on the elephant's back, and they soon got across the river.

On they went until they came to the tree. It was so tall that the fruit hung high above them.

The elephant tried to break the tree down, but it was too strong. He tried to reach the fruit with his trunk, but it was too high.

"Wait a minute," said the monkey, proudly. "I can climb." He ran quickly up the tree, and threw down the rich, ripe fruit.

The elephant put it into his great mouth.

Then they crossed the stream, and gave the fruit to the owl.

"Now," they said, "which is better—to be strong, or to be quick?"

"Can anyone tell which is better?" asked the owl. "Neither of you could get the fruit alone.

"It took the elephant's strength and the monkey's quickness. One crossed the stream; the other gathered the fruit."

—*A Tale from India.*

THE BEAR WHO PLAYED SOLDIER

Once a man had a tame bear which he took from place to place. The bear could march and play ball and dance.

Children came to see the man and his tame bear. They gave money to see the bear dance.

The bear was so big and black that he looked very fierce. But he really was kind and gentle.

One night the man went to an inn to eat his supper. He thought that the bear was tied fast to a tree outside.

The inn-keeper had three little boys. The oldest was six years old, the next was four, and the baby was two.

The little boys were upstairs playing soldier. Each one had a gun, and the oldest boy had a drum. They marched round and round. The oldest boy beat the drum. They were having a fine time.

Then they heard a noise—tramp, tramp! tramp, tramp! tramp, tramp! Someone was coming upstairs. Who was it? The door opened, and the big black bear came in.

The children were so frightened that they hid in corners of the room. The big bear went to each one. He snuffed at them, but he did not hurt them.

By and by the children came out of the corners and said, "This is only a big black dog."

They began to pat the bear, and then he lay down, and the baby climbed on him.

Soon the oldest boy got his drum again and began to beat it—rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-too!

The bear got up on his hind legs and began to dance. "The big dog wants to play soldier," said the children. "Let us play."

So the children got their guns. The bear wanted a gun, too, so they gave him one. He knew how to hold it just right.

Then the children began to march around the room with the bear. Left, right! left, right! Rat-a-tat-tat! rat-a-tat-too!

Just then the mother of the children came in and saw the big bear. Oh, how frightened she was! She called for help, and the bear's master came running up the stairs.

"Do not be afraid of my bear," he said. "He is tame and will not hurt the children." Then he led the bear away.

"We like to play soldier with the big dog," said the baby. "Let him come again."

—Hans Christian Andersen.

THE NEW VOICES

Once the birds and the beasts all grew tired of their voices.

The fox said, "I want to crow like the cock." The hawk said, "I want to chirp like the sparrow." The wolf said, "I want to bleat like the sheep."

Every bird and every animal in the world wanted to change.

So they went to the Wise Man. "We are all tired of our voices," they said. "We want to change them. You are wise and know how to teach us. Will you help us to get our wish?"

"I will teach you," said the Wise Man. "But you must make good use of your new voices."

So he taught each bird and each animal how to change his voice. They all went back to their homes as happy as they could be.

Soon afterwards, the fox went to the barnyard. "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he called. "See this fat worm. Come and get it! Come and get it!"

When the hens heard him, they thought it was the cock. They ran to get the worm, and the fox ate them up.

Then the wolf went to the sheep-fold. "Baa-baa! baa-baa!" he called. "It is late, and I am tired. Open the door, my little lambs, and let me come in. Please do not keep me waiting."

The lambs heard him. "That is mother," they said, as they ran to open the door. Then the wolf ate them up.

The hawk went to the sparrows' nest. "Tweet-tweet! tweet-tweet!" he called. He tapped on the side of the nest.

"That is father," said the little sparrows. "He has something nice for breakfast." As soon as they put out their heads, the hawk ate them up.

Soon many beasts and birds began to do harm to each other.

Then the Wise Man was sorry that he had taught them how to get new voices. So he called them together and said, "This will never do. You must take back your own voices, because you have not made good use of your new ones.

"Everything you learn should help you to do good."

—*A Tale from India.*

THE SWALLOW

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

When you come hurrying home o'er the sea,
Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,
Summer and sunshine will follow you fast.

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO WANTED ALL THE CAKES

One day an old woman was baking cakes. She wore a black dress and a little white cape. On her head was a little red cap.

A poor old man said to her, "I am hungry. Please give me one of those nice cakes."

The little old woman said, "I will bake you one little cake. That is all you may have."

So she took a small piece of dough. She rolled it and rolled it. Then she patted it and patted it, and made a small cake.

But it began to grow bigger and bigger.

"I will not give you this cake," said the old woman. "It is too big." So she put it into the oven for herself.

Then she took a tiny bit of dough. She rolled it and rolled it. Then she patted it and patted it, and made a tiny cake.

But it began to grow bigger and bigger.

"I will not give you this cake," said the old woman. "It is much too big." So she put that cake into the oven for herself, too.

Then she tried again with a tiny, tiny bit of dough, as small as a grain of wheat. She rolled it and patted it and made a cake as small as a grain of wheat.

But that cake began to grow, too. It got bigger and bigger and bigger.

"I will not give you any cake at all," said the old woman. "These cakes are all too big to give away. I want them myself."

So the old man went away, hungry, and the old woman sat down to eat the cakes.

As she was eating, she began to grow smaller. She got smaller and smaller.

She felt her nose—it was a beak! She looked at her hands—they were wings! She looked at her feet—they were claws!

She still had on a black dress and a white cape and a little red cap. But they were all feathers! She had changed to a bird.

You will see the little old woman some day. She hops up and down trees, hunting for food. She has to work hard to get it.

You will know her when you see her. You will say, "There is the black dress, and the white cape, and the little red cap."

For the old woman was changed to a woodpecker.

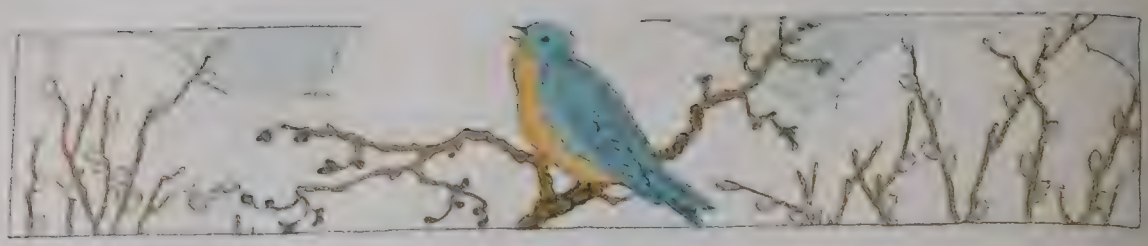
—Norse Tale.

ROBIN'S SECRET

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just us three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because it built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings—in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep.
I'll try my best the secret to keep:
Though I know when the little birds fly
about,
Then the whole secret will be out.



LITTLE BIRD BLUE

Little Bird Blue, come sing us your song;
The cold winter weather has lasted so long,
We're tired of skates, and we're tired of sleds,
We're tired of snow-banks as high as our heads;
Now we're watching for you,
Little Bird Blue.

Soon as you sing, then the springtime will come;
The robins will call and the honey-bees hum,
And the dear little pussies, so cunning and gray,
Will sit in the willow-trees over the way;
So hurry; please do,
Little Bird Blue!

THE MAGPIE'S LESSON

One spring all the birds wanted to build their nests. "The magpie knows how," they said. "Let us ask her to show us. She makes the best nest."

"Yes, come and watch me," said the magpie. "See! First I take some mud. Then I shape it like a cup."

"Oh, I see how to do it!" said the thrush.

Away she flew to build her nest. So all thrushes have a nest like a mud-cup.

"Next I get some sticks," said the magpie. "I lay them in the mud."

"Now I know all about it," said the blackbird. Away she flew to build her nest. So the blackbird's nest is nothing but mud and sticks.

"Then I take some twigs," said the magpie. "I wind them around the nest."

"That is a fine plan," said the sparrow. Away she flew to build her nest. So the sparrows always make a rough nest of twigs.

"Now I take soft feathers to make a lining for the nest," said the magpie.

"That suits me," said the swallow. Away she flew to build her nest. So the swallows all have warm nests lined with soft feathers.

"Last, I take more mud and sticks," said the magpie, "to build the nest higher."

But none of the birds heard her. They had all gone to build their nests.

So that is why the nests of birds are not alike.

The magpie's nest is still the best of all.

—Old English Tale.

THE LITTLE RABBIT WHO WANTED RED WINGS

Once a little white rabbit lived in a warm hole at the foot of an old tree. He had everything a little rabbit could need, but he was always wishing for something more.

One day when Bobbie Squirrel went by, White Rabbit said to his mother, "Oh, I wish I had a tail like Bobbie Squirrel's!"

When Mr. Porcupine went by, he said, "Oh, I wish I had needles on my back like Mr. Porcupine's!"

When Mrs. Duck went by, he said, "Oh, I wish I had feathers like Mrs. Duck's!"

His mother grew very tired of hearing him always wishing for something.

One day old Mr. Ground Hog came by and heard White Rabbit saying, "I wish, I wish, I wish."

"Why don't you go down to the Wishing Pond?" said old Mr. Ground Hog. "If you look at yourself in the water and then turn around three times, you will get what you wish for."

Without even saying good-bye to his mother, White Rabbit hopped away to look for the Wishing Pond. He hopped and hopped, until at last he found it in the cool green woods.

There he saw a little red bird sitting by the Pond, drinking some water.

As soon as White Rabbit saw the bird he began to wish again. "Oh, I wish I had red wings!" he said. Just then he looked in the Wishing Pond, and saw himself in the water. Then he turned around three times, and something queer happened. Two long red wings grew out from his shoulders!

He started at once for home to show them to his mother. But when he reached his home it was nearly dark, and the door was tight shut.

He knocked at the door, and his mother peeped out and saw him, but she would not let him come in. She did not know him, for she had never before seen a rabbit with red wings. So he had to look for some other place to sleep.

He went to many animal holes, but no one would let him come in. Nobody wanted such a queer-looking rabbit in his house.

At last he went to old Mr. Ground Hog's house. Mr. Ground Hog knew him at once, and let him come in. White Rabbit slept on the hard floor that night. It was not at all like his own soft, warm bed.

In the morning old Mr. Ground Hog said, "Don't you like red wings, White Rabbit?"

"No, no, no!" said little White Rabbit.

"Well," said old Mr. Ground Hog, "why don't you go to the Wishing Pond, and wish them off again?"

Away went White Rabbit to the Wishing Pond as fast as he could hop. He made a wish, and looked at himself in the water. He turned around three times, and off went his red wings.

How happy he was! He hopped home to his mother like the wind. She knew him this time, and let him come in at once. White Rabbit was so happy that he never again wished for anything he did not have.

—From *For the Story Teller*, by Carolyn S. Bailey.
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THE ANIMALS THAT FOUND A HOME

I

Once upon a time there was a ram that was being fed so that he would become fat.

One day when the man brought him food he said, "Eat all you want, poor ram. You will not be here long. Soon you will be mutton."

"I think I shall have something to say about that," said the ram. "I would rather be ram than mutton."

So he ate all the food he could. Then he put his head down and ran against the door. He struck it with his horns, and it flew open.

"Now I am free!" said the ram. "I will find my friend, the pig."

The pig was in the pen, eating from a pail full of corn. He looked very fat.

"Good-day, and thanks for your kindness last time we met," said the ram to the pig.

"Good-day, and thanks to you," said the pig. "I am very glad to see you."

"Do you know why they feed you so well?" asked the ram.

"No," said the pig; "can you tell me?"

"Well, eat all you want now, poor pig. You will not be here long. Soon you will be pork," said the ram.

"I think I shall have something to say about that," said the pig. "I would rather be pig than pork."

"Then come with me," said the ram. "We will go to the woods and build a house, and live by ourselves."

"Very well," said the pig. "This is a good time to start."

When they had gone a little way, they met a goose. The goose was very fat, too. She was eating meal as fast as she could.

"Good-day, and thanks for your kindness last time we met," said the ram.

"Good-day, and thanks to you," said the goose.

"Do you know why they feed you so well?" asked the ram.

"No," said the goose; "can you tell me?"

"Well, eat all you want now, poor goose. Soon you will be a roasted goose."

"I think I shall have something to say about that," said the goose. "I would rather be a live goose than a roasted goose. Where are you going?"

"We are going to the woods to build a house," said the ram.

"Let me go with you. I will help you," said the goose.

"Gabbling and quacking will not build a house," said the pig. "What can you do?"

"I can gather moss and fill the cracks," said the goose.

"Well, you may come with us," said the pig. "I like to be warm."

When they had gone a little farther, they saw a cock. He was eating grain.

"Good-day, and thanks for your kindness last time we met," said the ram.

"Good-day, and thanks to you," said the cock.

"Do you know why they feed you so well?" asked the ram.

"No," said the cock; "can you tell me?"

"Well, eat all you want now, poor cock. Soon you will be soup."

"I think I shall have something to say about that," said the cock. "I would rather be a cock than soup. Where are you and the pig and the goose going?"

"We are going to the woods to build a house," said the ram.

"May I go with you?" said the cock. "I will help you to build your house."

"Flapping and crowing will not build a house," said the pig. "What can you do?"

"I am early to rise and early to crow," said the cock. "I can wake you early in the morning."

"You may go with us," said the pig. "It is hard for me to wake up. You may come and crow for us.

"Early to rise,
Makes you wealthy and wise."

II

So they all set off to the woods together and built the house.

The ram and the pig were strong. They did the hard work. The goose gathered moss and filled the cracks. The cock crowed to get them up early.

Soon the house was ready. The roof was covered with bark, and they had a snug little home. They were very happy together.

Two hungry wolves lived in the woods near by. When they first saw the little house, one of them said, "We have neighbors. I wonder what they are like."

"I will go to see," said the other. "Maybe I can get some breakfast." He went to the little house, opened the door, and walked in.

Now the ram and his friends had been expecting the wolf. They knew what kind of breakfast he liked.

As soon as he came in, the ram ran against him and struck him with his strong horns. The pig snapped and bit. The goose nipped and pecked. The cock flew up to the house-top and crowed.

They threw the wolf out of the house. He ran back to his home as fast as he could go.

"How do you like our new neighbors?" asked the other wolf.

"Our neighbors!" cried the wolf. "Nice neighbors they are! A great giant came and struck me with his head.

"Then a troll tried to eat me up, while a witch with scissors snipped off bits of my toes, and someone on the roof called out, 'Throw him up to me! Throw him up to me!' You may be sure that I will never go to that house again."

So the wolves kept away, and the ram and his friends were happy in the little home, and ate all they wanted.

"Now we can get as fat as we please," said the pig.

—Old Norse Tale.

THE BELL OF ATRI

I

Good King John lived in Atri long ago. He wished everyone to be happy. He was sorry when anyone did wrong.

One day he said, "I have a plan that will help my people. I will build a tower with a bell in it. The bell-rope shall be so long that anyone can reach it. Even little children can ring the bell.

"When anyone is in trouble he may go to the bell-tower and ring the bell. Then one of my judges must go to the bell-tower, too. He must hear what the one who rings the bell has to say.

"The judge will find out why the man is in trouble. He will learn who has harmed the man. Then he must punish the one who did wrong.

"This will teach my people to do good. They will try to be kind to each other. They will try to do no wrong to anyone."

So good King John built a great bell-tower. The bell-rope was so long that even a child could reach it. All the people thought it was a fine plan.

When anyone was in trouble he went to the great bell-tower and rang the bell.

Then the judge put on his rich robes and ran to the bell-tower. He heard what the man had to say, and found the one who had done wrong. If he thought best, he punished him.

The bell hung in the tower many years. It was rung so often that at last the rope grew thin. Then someone tied a piece of hay around it to make it stronger.

One summer day the sun shone brightly on the bell-tower. It was very hot in Atri, and all the people were indoors. Everyone was taking a rest.

All at once the bell rang. "Ding-dong! I tell of wrong! Ding-dong! I tell of wrong!" it called.

The judge waked from his nap. "Some wrong has been done," he said. "I must see who is in trouble." He put on his rich robes and went quickly to the tower. All the people ran to see who had rung the bell.

When they got to the tower—what do you think they saw?

A poor old horse was ringing the bell! He was eating the piece of hay that was tied around the bell-rope. As he ate the hay, he pulled the rope. Then the bell rang, loud and clear—"Ding-dong! I tell of wrong!"

II

At first the judge was very angry. "I have lost my nap," he said. "I came here as fast as I could to see what poor man was in trouble. But I find only a hungry horse eating the bell-rope.

"Who put that piece of hay on the rope? Find the man who did it, and bring him to me. Take this horse away. What right has he to be here?"

Then the judge looked again at the horse. The poor beast was lame and almost blind. The judge saw that he was very thin. He knew that someone had done a wrong to the poor old horse.

"This poor horse is very hungry," said the judge. "He is almost starving. That is why he is so thin. That is why he is eating the piece of hay. Who owns this horse?"

An old man answered him.

"This horse belongs to a rich man," he said. "See, he lives in that beautiful castle.

This horse carried him when he went to war. More than once this horse has saved his master's life.

"But when the horse got too old to work, his master turned him out. Now the poor old beast goes around and picks up his food wherever he can get it.

"He has nothing to eat unless he finds it for himself, and so he is hungry almost all the time."

The judge was very angry when he heard that such a brave horse had a bad master.

"This poor horse is in trouble," he said. "He did well to ring King John's bell. Bring his master to me."

So the master was brought to the judge.

"Why have you left this poor horse to starve?" said the judge. "Did he not work for you as long as he could? Did he not save your life many times?"

The master hung his head in shame. He had not a word to say.

"You must care for this poor beast as long as he lives," said the judge. "You must let him go back to his stable, and you must give him all the food he needs."

All the people clapped their hands.

"The poor horse will never be hungry again," they said. "How glad we are."

They led him back to his stable.

"There is no bell like the bell of Atri," said the people. "It helps all who are in trouble. Even a horse may ring it."

—*Italian Tale.*

THE SUMMER-MAKER

I

Once upon a time there was only one season in the whole year, and that season was winter.

Years and years went by, but it was always cold. Snow covered the ground, and ice covered the rivers. The trees were always bare. There were no leaves to dance and to play in the wind. There were no birds to sing, and no sweet flowers to bloom.

Ojeeg was a little Indian boy who lived in this land of snow. Big Hunter was his father.

Big Hunter did not mind the cold. He often went hunting and brought home a deer or a bear, to make a feast for his friends and for little Ojeeg.

Now, Ojeeg loved to hunt, too. He had a little bow and arrow, and often went out to hunt for food.

But he never could go far. He was a very little boy, and his small fingers always got numb with the cold. Then he could not use the bow and arrow, so he had to go back to the wigwam.

He often cried because he had brought back no food. All the big Indian boys laughed because Ojeeg could not keep his little hands warm.

Ojeeg got very tired of this. One day he said to himself, "I am going to ask my father to make summer.

"Grandmother told me all about summer. She says father can use magic and can make summer if he will. Then I can stay out of doors all day. I can learn to be a big hunter."

That night Big Hunter came back to the wigwam with a fine bear.

Little Ojeeg went to meet his father. His eyes were full of tears.

"Father, help me," he said. "I am tired of the cold and the snow. It makes my fingers so numb that I can not hold the bow and arrow.

"I want to hunt all day long, as you do. I want to bring home food for my mother."

His father smiled, for he was very fond of his little son.

"How can I help you?" he said. "You must learn to wait. You will grow, and your hands will get big and strong. Then they will not get so cold."

"I do not want to wait," said little Ojeeg. "I want you to make summer. Grandmother says you can. Do make summer, for me. Oh, do, Father, do! Then I can be a big hunter like you."

Big Hunter thought a long time. "It will be very hard to do what you ask," he said, "but I will try."

II

So Big Hunter made a great feast. He roasted a bear, and asked three of his friends to come to the feast.

Then he told them about little Ojeeg and his troubles.

"Will you go with me to make summer for him?" he asked.

"We will go," they said. "Then Ojeeg can hunt all day long. He will bring home a bear and make a feast for us."

Big Hunter and his three friends, Otter, Beaver, and Badger, started on their long journey.

On and on they went, for many, many days, until they came to a high mountain. It almost touched the sky, it was so high.

Big Hunter and his friends climbed to the very top.

"We must make a hole in the sky," said Big Hunter. They stretched out their hands, but they could not reach the sky.

"We must jump," said Big Hunter. "Otter, you are a great jumper. You must try first."

So Otter jumped as high as he could, but he could not reach the sky. He fell back and rolled down the mountain.

"That is enough for me," he said. "I shall not try such a jump again." He ran home as fast as he could go.

Then it was Beaver's turn. He took a deep breath. Then he jumped—oh! how he jumped! But he could not reach the sky.

He had such a hard fall that he lay very still on the mountain-top.

"We must try another way," said Big Hunter to Badger. "You stand on the very top of the mountain, and I will climb upon your shoulders. Then I will jump."

So Badger stood like a rock. Then Big Hunter climbed on the strong shoulders of his friend.

Then he jumped! No one had ever jumped so high before. He touched the sky!

He fell back, but Badger caught him in his strong arms. Big Hunter jumped again, and beat at the sky with his fists.

This time he made a little hole in the sky, and a warm breeze came through it.

Once more Big Hunter climbed on to the shoulders of his friend. Once more he gave a great jump.

This time he struck such a mighty blow that the sky opened.

Then down through the great hole rushed the birds and the soft, warm winds and summer, beautiful summer!

Away they went to the cold land of snow, where little Ojeeg waited.

The soft, warm air melted the snow and ice. Little brooks began to run over the stones. Rivers flowed and sparkled in the sun. Leaves came out on the trees. Flowers bloomed, and birds sang.

Then little Ojeeg hunted and fished as much as he wanted, and brought food home to his mother. He made a great feast for the Summer-Maker and his friends.

Little Ojeeg learned to be a great hunter, like his father, and the big boys laughed at him no more.

Ever since that time summer always comes once a year.

—Indian Legend.

THE THREE PIGS

I

Once three little pigs said to their mother, "We are big enough to earn our own living. Let us get something to do."

"Very well," said Mother Pig. "But look out for the wolf!"

So they set out to earn their living.

The first pig met a man with some straw.

"Please give me some of that straw," said the little pig. "I want to build a house."

So the man gave him some straw, and the little pig built a straw house.

Along came the wolf. He knocked at the door, rap, rap, rap, and the little pig went to the window and looked out.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" said the wolf.

"No, by the hair of my chinny chin chin. You are the wolf, and you can't come in!" said the little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew the house in. Then he ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with some sticks.

"Please give me some of those sticks," said the little pig. "I want to build a house."

So the man gave him some sticks, and the little pig built a house of sticks.

Along came the wolf. He knocked at the door, rap, rap, rap. The little pig went to the window and looked out.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" said the wolf.

"No, by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

You are the wolf, and you can't come in!" said the little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he blew the house in. Then he ate up the little pig.

II

The third little pig met a man with some bricks.

"Please give me some bricks," said the little pig. "I want to build a house."

So the man gave him some bricks, and the little pig built a brick house.

Along came the wolf. He knocked at the door, rap, rap, rap. The little pig went to the window and looked out.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" said the wolf.

"No, by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

You are the wolf, and you can't come in!" said the little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, but he could not blow the house in.

Then he said, "Little pig, do you want some turnips?"

"I like turnips very much," said the little pig. "Where are they?"

"Do you see that field?" said the wolf. "It has rows and rows of juicy turnips. I will come in the morning to show you the way, and we will get some of them for dinner."

"What time will you come?" asked the little pig.

"At six o'clock," answered the wolf.

But the little pig got up at five o'clock, and went to the field. He got a basket full of juicy turnips. Then he ran home.

At six o'clock along came the wolf.

"Little pig, are you ready?" he called.

"Oh, I went to the field at five o'clock," said the little pig. "I have a pot full of turnips on the fire. Don't you smell them?"

The wolf was angry, but he said, "Little pig, I know where there is an apple tree."

"Where?" asked the little pig.

"Do you see that garden?" said the wolf. "The apples are there, all red and ripe and ready to eat. I will come for you in the morning, and we will get some for dinner."

"What time will you come?" asked the little pig.

"At five o'clock," said the wolf.

But the little pig went to the garden at four o'clock and climbed the apple tree. He filled his basket with apples.

Just then, along came the wolf.

"Oho! I have you now!" he shouted.

The little pig was very much frightened, but he looked down and said, "These apples are so good that I will throw you one."

He threw an apple as far as he could. While the wolf was running to pick it up, the little pig jumped out of the tree and ran home with his basket of apples.

III

The next day the wolf came again. He said, "There is a fair in the town. Will you go there with me in the morning?"

"Oh, yes," said the little pig. "I will go to the fair. I need a churn. I will buy it at the fair. What time will you come for me?"

"At four o'clock," said the wolf.

But the little pig got up at three o'clock and went to the fair. He bought a fine churn.

"Now I will make nice yellow butter," he said to himself. "But I must hurry home before the wolf comes."

When he got to the top of the hill, he saw the wolf coming up. The little pig was very much frightened.

"What shall I do?" he said. "There is nothing to hide in except this churn."

So he got into the churn. Then the churn began to roll down the hill. Round and round and round it rolled.

When the wolf saw it coming he said, "What strange beast is this?"

He was so frightened that he turned and ran home, and the little pig was safe.

The next day the wolf came again.

"Did you go to the fair yesterday?" asked the little pig.

"No," said the wolf. "I was going to the fair, but I met a big round thing. I do not know what it was, but it looked like a strange beast.

"It rolled down the hill and frightened me so that I ran home."

"Oho! I frightened you, did I?" said the little pig. "That round thing was my churn. When I saw you I got into it and rolled down the hill."

The wolf was so angry that he said, "I will come down the chimney and eat you."

When the little pig heard this, he made a fire and put on a pot of water to heat. He took the lid off the pot when the wolf came down the chimney. The wolf fell into the pot, and after that he never again came to visit the little pig.

—English Tale.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

I

Once there was a poor wood-cutter who had a wife and three little girls.

He went into the woods every day to cut down trees. It was very hard work.

One day he said to his wife, "I shall be gone all day, for I must go a long way into the woods. I want our oldest girl to bring me a warm dinner."

"She might lose her way," said the mother.

"No, no!" said the father. "I will take a bag of grass seed with me. I will drop the seeds to show the way."

So the father went into the woods, and he dropped the seed to show the way.

At noon the oldest girl went to find him. She took some bread and a pail of hot soup.

She looked for the grass seed to show the way, but the blackbirds had eaten it all up. On and on she went. By and by, night came, and it was very dark in the woods.

"I am afraid!" she said. "I cannot find father, and I do not know the way home. I do not want to stay in the woods all night. What shall I do?"

All at once she saw a light shining through the trees. "That must be a house," she said. "I will knock at the door and say that I am lost. Maybe I can stay all night."

So she walked on toward the light until she came to a tiny house.

Tap! tap! tap! she knocked at the door. "Come in!" said a gruff voice. She lifted the latch and went in.

An old woman was sitting in the room. There was a bright fire on the hearth. A cock, a hen, and a speckled cow were lying before it.

"If you please," said the oldest girl, "I have lost my way. It is very dark in the woods. May I stay here all night?"

The old woman turned to the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow.

"Shall we let her stay?" she asked.

The cock crowed, the hen clucked, and the speckled cow said, "Moo!"

The old woman knew what they meant. She said, "You may stay, but you must work. Go into the kitchen and get us some supper."

The oldest girl did not want to work, but she went into the kitchen.

She made a dish of stew, and gave some to the old woman. She ate the rest, but she forgot to feed the cock, the hen, and the cow.

Then she said, "I am sleepy. I want to go to bed."

"You must make the beds first," said the old woman. So she led her upstairs.

The oldest girl made her own bed, but she forgot to make the old woman's bed. Then she lay down and went to sleep.

By and by the old woman came upstairs. Her bed was not made, and she found the oldest girl asleep.

Then the old woman opened a large door in the floor. Bump! the oldest girl, the bed, and all, fell down into the cellar.

II

That night, when the wood-cutter got home, he was tired and hungry. "Where is our oldest girl?" he said. "I have had no dinner."

"I sent her with some hot dinner for you," said the mother, "but she did not come back. I am afraid she is lost."

"She will come home in the morning," said the wood-cutter. "She will find a place to sleep. The second girl must bring my dinner tomorrow."

"She might lose her way, too," said the mother.

"No, no!" said the wood-cutter. "I will take a bag of wheat, and drop some of it to show the way. It is larger than grass seed, and she can see it better."

So the next day the father went into the woods. He dropped the wheat as he went, but the birds ate it all up, so the second girl could not find the way.

She went on and on until it was dark. She heard the owls hoot and she was afraid.

Then she saw the same light shining through the trees that her older sister had seen, and she found the same tiny house. She went in and asked the old woman if she might stay all night.

The old woman turned to the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow. "Shall we let her stay?" she asked.

The cock crowed, the hen clucked, and the speckled cow said, "Moo!"

So the second girl stayed all night. She went into the kitchen and cooked some supper, but she forgot to feed the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow.

Then she went upstairs and made her bed, but she was like her sister, and forgot to make the old woman's bed.

So the door in the floor opened, and bump! the second girl, the bed, and all, fell down into the cellar.

III

In the morning the wood-cutter said, "Our second girl must have lost her way, too. I have had no dinner for two days. Our youngest girl must bring my hot soup and bread today."

"She may lose her way, too," said the mother. "I have lost two girls! I cannot let her go!"

"No, no!" said the wood-cutter. "I will take a bag of peas with me this time. I will drop the peas to show the way. They are bigger than wheat, and she will be sure to see them. Then she will find the way."

So the wood-cutter went into the woods. He dropped the peas to show the way, but the birds ate them all up. The youngest girl could not find the way.

She went on and on until it was dark. Then she saw the light shining through the trees and she found the tiny house. She knocked on the door, as her sisters had done.

The old woman opened the door as she had done for the two older sisters.

The youngest girl spoke kindly to the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow. She went close to them and patted them. Then she went into the kitchen and cooked the old woman's supper.

Now the youngest girl was kind-hearted, and she would not eat until the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow had been fed. She brought corn for the cock and the hen, and an armful of hay for the speckled cow.

Then she brought a pail full of cool water for them, and they drank as much as they wanted.

Then the youngest girl ate her supper. After supper she went upstairs to make the old woman's bed. She shook the bed well, and put clean sheets upon it. Then she made a bed for herself, and soon fell fast asleep.

IV

When she waked up, the sun was shining, and everything was changed.

She was in a beautiful room!

The bed was made of ivory, and the chairs were all made of gold.

"Oh, oh!" she said. "This must be a dream. I shall wake by and by." She pinched herself to see if she was asleep, but she found that she was wide awake.

"I must get up and cook the old woman's breakfast," she said. "I must feed the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow."

She ran downstairs and found herself in a wonderful room. In the center of the room was a great table. Someone was sitting at the table, but it was not the old woman. It was a beautiful Princess!

There was a bright fire on the hearth. The cock, the hen, and the speckled cow were not lying by the fire, but three servants were bringing in dishes of food.

The youngest girl was so surprised that she did not know what to do.

"Come to me, dear little girl," said the Princess, "and I will tell you all about it. My father is a king. A witch changed me into an old woman, and my castle into a tiny house. She changed my three servants into a cock, a hen, and a speckled cow.

"No one could change us back but a kind girl. You were kind. You cooked my supper and made my bed. You did not forget the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow.

"So last night we were all changed back again. We were changed because you were kind to us. I am a Princess again, and the cock, the hen, and the speckled cow are servants.

"We are all happy again. You must live with us, and we will make you happy, too."

"But I must go home now," said the youngest girl. "My father and mother will be sad. I must help them find my sisters who were lost in the woods."

"Do not run away," said the Princess. "I will go with you, and I will help your father and mother. Then I will take you to live with me. But first let us find your sisters. Come with me."

So she opened the cellar door. Out came the oldest girl and the second girl. How happy they were to see their sister! Then they all went together to the wood-cutter's house.

—Old Tale.

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

I

Once there was a woman who was very poor. One day she sent her only son to the pantry to get some meal.

As the lad got the meal, along came the North Wind, puffing and blowing. He caught up the meal, and away it went through the air.

Then the lad went back to the pantry for some more meal. Along came the North Wind again. He caught up the meal with a puff, and away it went again.

The lad went back the third time for some meal, and the third time the North Wind puffed it away.

Then the lad became angry. "I will go to the North Wind and make him give me back my meal!" he said.

He walked and walked, until at last he came to the North Wind's house.

"Good-day, North Wind!" said the lad.

"Good-day!" said the North Wind, in a gruff voice. "What do you want?"

"I want you to give me back the meal you took from me," said the lad. "We are poor, and we need it."

"Your meal is not here," said the North Wind. "But since you are poor, I will give you this cloth. When you want food, you must say, 'Cloth, spread yourself. Serve up some good things to eat.' Then you will have all the food you want."

"Thank you, North Wind," said the lad. "That is better than the meal."

So he set out for home.

The way was so long that he could not get home in one day. When evening came, he went to an inn to stay all night.

"How hungry my long walk has made me!" he said to himself. "I will put my cloth on the table, as the North Wind told me to do."

Then he said, "Cloth, spread yourself. Serve up good things to eat."

The cloth did as it was told, and the lad had a fine supper. All the people in the inn said, "What a wonderful cloth!" The innkeeper said to himself, "I should like to have this cloth."

So when the lad was asleep he took it away, and put another cloth in its place. It looked just like the cloth from the North Wind, but it could not serve up even a dry crust.

In the morning the lad took the cloth, and went off with it. That day he got home to his mother.

"Where have you been, and what is that cloth which you are bringing home with you?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I have been to the North Wind's house. I went to get the meal back," said the lad, "but he told me that he did not have our meal.

"He gave me this cloth, instead. Whenever I say, 'Cloth, spread yourself. Serve up good things to eat,' I get all the food I want."

"That may be true," said his mother. "But I shall not believe it until I see it with my own eyes."

So the lad laid the cloth on the table and said, "Cloth, spread yourself. Serve up good things to eat." But the cloth did not serve up even a dry crust. The lad was so surprised that he could not say a word. How his mother laughed at him!

II

"I must go to the North Wind again," said the lad. Away he went.

"What do you want now?" said the North Wind, when the lad knocked at his door.

"I want my meal," said the lad. "This cloth is not worth a penny."

"I have no meal," said the North Wind, "but I will give you this ram. It makes money. Just say, 'Ram, ram! make money!' Then you shall have all the gold you want."

"That is better than meal," said the lad.

So off he went, and he stayed at the inn that night, too. After supper he wanted to see if the North Wind was right.

As soon as he said, "Ram, ram! make money!" he had all the gold he wanted.

When the inn-keeper saw the ram making money, he said to himself, "I want that ram." He had a ram that looked just like this one, so he took the lad's ram and put his own ram in its place.

In the morning the lad went away. When he got home he said to his mother, "After all, the North Wind is a good fellow. Now he has given me a ram that can make gold. I say, 'Ram, ram! make money!' Then I have all the gold I want."

"That may be true," said his mother. "But I shall believe it when I see the gold."

"Ram, ram! make money!" said the lad. But the ram did not make even a penny. The lad's mother laughed at him this time, too.

So the lad went to the North Wind again.

"I want my meal," he said. "The ram you gave me is not worth a penny."

"I have no meal," said the North Wind. "I have nothing to give you except this old stick. When you say, 'Stick, stick! lay on!' it will lay on. When you want it to stop, you must say, 'Stick, stick! stop!' "

So the lad took the stick, and went to the inn again. He said to himself, "I think I know who has my cloth and my ram. I will see if I can get them back."

So he lay down on a bench. "I will keep so still that I shall seem to be asleep," he said. "But I will keep a very close watch."

By and by the inn-keeper saw the stick. He said, "I have a wonderful cloth and a wonderful ram. Perhaps this is a wonderful stick. I think I will take it."

So he went away and found a stick that looked like the stick from the North Wind. Then he came back to change the two sticks.

Then the lad said, "Stick, stick! lay on!"

The stick began to beat the inn-keeper. He jumped over tables and benches, but he could not get away from the stick.

"Lad, lad, stop the stick!" he cried. "You shall have your cloth and your ram."

So the lad said, "Stick, stick! stop!"

Then he took the cloth and the ram and the stick, and went home.

He said, "The North Wind has paid me well for my meal. This time my mother cannot laugh at me."

—*Norse Tale.*

THE MONTHS

January brings the snow;
See the snow men in a row.

February days are longer;
Nights are cold, and winds are stronger.

March brings breezes loud that shake
The little flowers to make them wake.

April brings both sun and rain
To make the whole world green again.

May brings songs of bird and bee,
Joy for you and joy for me.

June brings buttercups and roses;
See her hands all filled with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers
For thirsty fields and trees and flowers.

August days are full of heat;
Then fruits grow ripe for us to eat.

September brings the golden-rod
And milkweed flying from its pod.

In October, nuts are brown,
And yellow leaves fall slowly down.

November brings the chilly rain,
Whirling winds, and frost again.

Cold December ends the year
With Christmas tree, and Christmas cheer.

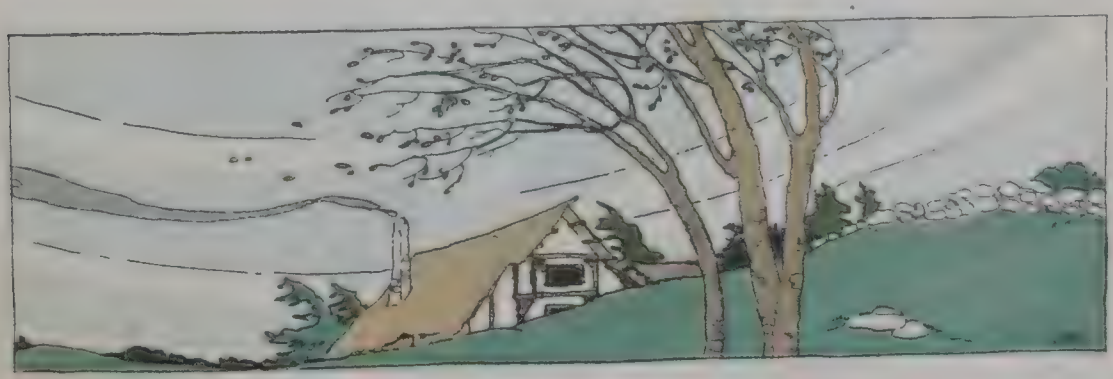
—*Adapted from Mother Goose.*

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
  The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
  The wind is passing by.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*



COME, LITTLE LEAVES

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud
call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the glad little songs they knew.

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were
content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds
The snow laid a white blanket over their
heads.

—George Cooper.

THE LEAF THAT WAS AFRAID

One day the wind was talking to a little leaf. He made her sigh and cry as leaves sometimes do when the wind is about.

"What is the trouble, little leaf? Why do you cry?" asked the twig on which the leaf grew.

"The wind told me," said the leaf, "that some day he would blow me away from you." Then she sighed again.

The twig told the branch, and the branch told the tree. The tree laughed and said, "Do not be afraid, little leaf. You need not go until you want to."

Then the leaf stopped crying, and was happy. All summer she grew and grew.

One day in the fall, she looked at the other leaves and saw how beautiful they were. Some were yellow and some were red and some were both colors.

Then the leaf asked the tree, "Why are the other leaves red and yellow?"

"Their work is done," said the tree, "and they are so happy that they dress in beautiful colors. They are ready to fly away."

Then the leaf wanted to go with the other leaves. While she was thinking about it, she, too, grew very beautiful.

One day the wind came to her again. "Are you ready to go now?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the leaf. "I am ready to fly away with the other leaves."

The wind blew very hard. Away went the leaf with many other leaves, to cover up some little seeds, and to keep them warm all winter.

Then the little leaf fell asleep.

—Henry Ward Beecher—Adapted.

THE SNOW MAN

See, here's a man so fond of cold
He cannot stand the heat, I'm told;
The breezes of a summer day
Would simply make him melt away.

He loves the coldest winds that blow,
This pale-faced man who's made of snow.
He's frozen stiff as he can be;
That's why he stays with us, you see.

His friends are very, very few;
He's far too cold for me or you;
And he would be completely lost
Without his faithful friend, Jack Frost.

Together they must always be;
They cannot live apart, you see.
And when Old Jack Frost goes away,
The Snow Man can no longer stay.

—*Rebecca B. Foresman.*

THE DOLLS' THANKSGIVING DINNER

I

"Why can't dolls have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as little girls?" asked Polly Pine.

"I don't know why," said Mother, laughing. "Go and dress them in their best clothes. Get the doll house swept and dusted, and the table ready. Then I'll see about a dinner."

"Oh, how nice!" said Polly Pine.

The doll house stood in Polly's play-room. It was very big and very beautiful.

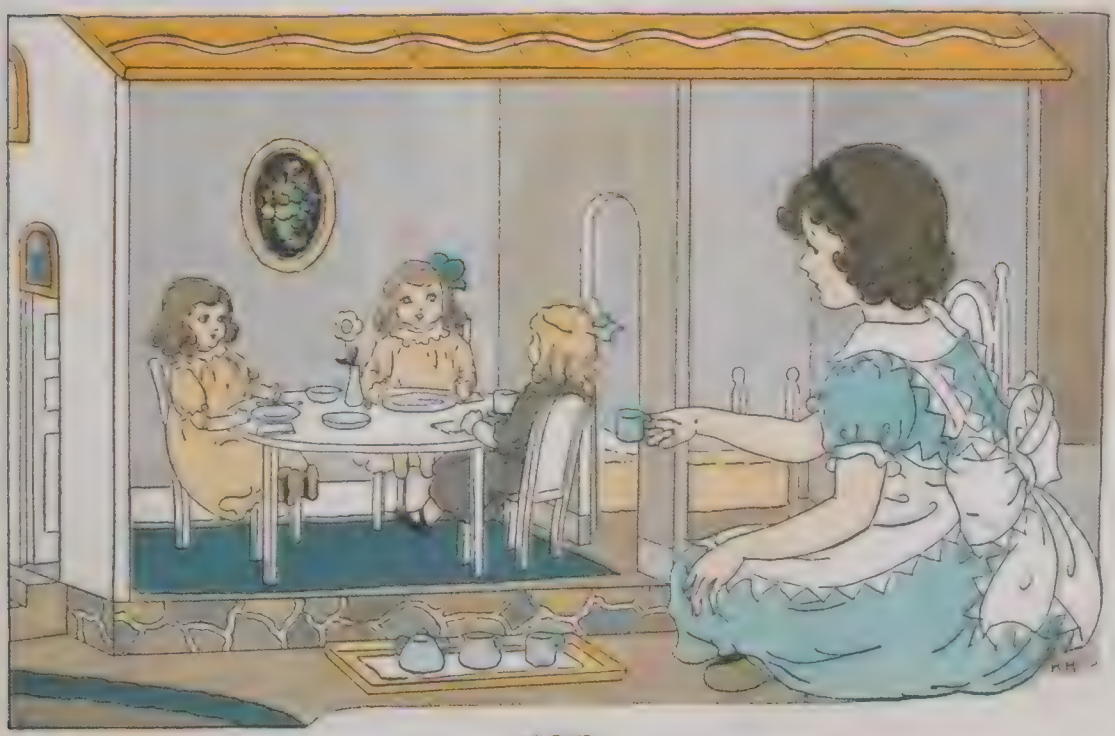
Polly Pine swept the rooms with her tiny broom. Then she dusted them. She set the table for dinner with the very best dishes and silver. She put a tiny vase, with a little flower in it, in the center of the table, and she placed wee napkins at each plate.

When the doll house was clean and the table was set she dressed Susan in a pink dress, Dora Jane in gray, and Hannah in yellow.

Then she placed them around the table, each one in her own chair.

"Be very careful, Susan!" she said. "Remember not to eat with your knife. Dora Jane, do not leave your teaspoon in your cup when you drink your tea."

Just then Mother came in with the dolls' Thanksgiving dinner.



There was a small piece of turkey to put on the plate, before Hannah. Hannah was the oldest, and always carved the meat for the other dolls.

There were little dishes of potato and cranberry sauce. There was cake on a tiny plate. Then there was the smallest squash pie ever seen.

Polly Pine hopped up and down with joy. She set everything on the table. Then she ran away to get ready for her own dinner. She put on a pretty white dress and went downstairs.

II

Some friends had been asked to come to dinner, and they were all there. Polly was very fond of them, and she had a fine time at the dinner table.

One of the gentlemen could change his big napkin into a white rabbit. Polly thought this was so funny that she forgot all about the dolls' Thanksgiving dinner.

At last it was time for the dessert, and the nuts and the raisins were brought in and put on the table.

Then Polly remembered. She jumped down from her chair. "Oh, Mother!" she said. "May I go to see if the dolls liked their dinner?"

Mother told the visitors about the Thanksgiving dinner in the doll house. Everybody wanted to go with Polly, so they all went upstairs.

There sat the dolls, just as their little mother had left them—but they had eaten nearly all the dinner!

Pieces of food were scattered all over the table. The bread and the cake were all gone, and the crust of the little squash pie was eaten all around.

"Well, this is strange!" said Father.

Just then they heard a scratching sound in the doll house, and a little gray mouse jumped out from under the table.

He ran out of the front door and down the steps. In a moment he was gone, nobody knew where.

There was another tiny mouse in the doll house under a chair. A third one was under the bed, with a poor, frightened gray tail sticking out.

All of the mice ran safely away. They looked as though they had eaten a big dinner.

"Shall I get the cat?" asked Mother.

"No," said Father. "Why can't a poor little mouse have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as we?"

—Isabel Gordon Curtis—Adapted.

THE GOLDEN COBWEBS

I

It was just before Christmas. A beautiful Christmas Tree stood in a pretty room of a pleasant home.

The Tree was trimmed with popcorn, silver nuts, candies, and little candles. Its branches were full of toys.

The doors of the room were locked so that the children could not get in.

"We must not let them see the Tree until Christmas morning," said the house-mother.

But there were many other little people in the house. They had seen the Tree already. The big black pussy had seen it with her great green eyes. The little gray kitty had seen it with her round blue eyes. The big house dog had seen it with his kind brown eyes. The yellow canary had seen it with his wise bright eyes.

Even the wee, wee mice had peeped just once when no one was by.

But there was someone who had not seen the Christmas Tree. It was the little gray spider.

You see, the spiders lived in the corners. Some had homes in the warm corners of the attic. Some made their webs in the dark corners of the nice cellar. They wanted to see the Christmas Tree, too.

But just before Christmas the house-mother cleaned the house. She swept and dusted everywhere. Her broom went into all the corners of all the rooms—poke, poke, poke!

Of course the spiders had to run. Dear, dear, how the spiders had to run! Not a single spider could stay in the house while it was so clean.

Some ran up the attic stairs and hid in the sunny attic; some ran down the cellar stairs and hid in the dark cellar. They could not see the Christmas Tree.

The spiders like to see all there is to see.

So of course they were very, very sad. At last they went to the Christmas Fairy and told her all about it.

"All the other little house-people have seen the Christmas Tree," they said. "But we cannot see it. We love beautiful things, too. Dear Christmas Fairy, help us to see the Christmas Tree!"

The Christmas Fairy said, "You shall see the Tree. Just wait."

II

The day before Christmas everyone was busy. No one was in the room with the Christmas Tree. So the Christmas Fairy said to the spiders, "Now you may go in. You may look as long as you like."

So the spiders came creepy, creepy, down the attic stairs. They came creepy, creepy, up the cellar stairs. They came creepy, creepy, along the halls. They went creepy, creepy, into the pretty room.

The fat mother spiders and the old father spiders were there. All the little teeny, tiny, curly, baby spiders were there.

And then they looked! Round and round the Tree they went, creepy, crawly. They looked and looked and looked. Oh, what a good time they had!

"What a beautiful Tree!" said the old father spiders. "What a beautiful, beautiful Tree!" said the fat mother spiders. "What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Tree!" said the teeny, tiny, curly, baby spiders.

They looked at everything they could see from the floor. Then they ran up the Tree to see some more. They ran all over the Tree, creepy, crawly, creepy, crawly.

They looked at every single thing. They ran up and down and in and out. They ran over every branch and twig.

They ran over every one of the pretty toys on the Tree.

They went round and round the doll. They went over and over the drum. They went in and out of the trumpet. They went up and down the jumping-jack.

They stayed until they had seen everything. Then they went away happy. They had seen the beautiful Christmas Tree, too.

In the still, dark night the Christmas Fairy came.

"I must see if the beautiful Tree is all ready for Christmas morning," she said. "The children will be up very early to see it."

But when she looked at it—what do you think? It was all covered with cobwebs! Every place the little spiders had been they had left a spider-web. And you know they had been just everywhere!

The Tree was covered from top to bottom with spider-webs. They hung from the branches. They went round and round the toys. The Christmas Fairy could hardly see the doll's face.

What could the Fairy do? "Now I see why the house-mother drove all the spiders away," she said. "It will never do to have cobwebs on the Christmas Tree. No, indeed! What shall I do?"

So the Christmas Fairy thought and thought. "Oh, now I have a plan!" she said. She touched the spider-webs with her fairy wand and turned them all to gold. Was not that a beautiful trimming? They shone and shone all over the Christmas Tree.

And ever since that time the Christmas Tree is always trimmed with golden cobwebs.

—Robert Haven Schauffler—Adapted.

THE EASTER RABBIT

I

Once upon a time, many years ago, the winter had been long and cold.

"What makes Spring so late?" said all the little children. "Let us go to the woods and see if she has come yet."

But when they got there they found the woods bare and cold. There were no birds or flowers, anywhere, and only Jack Frost and North Wind were playing among the trees.

Poor children! They went back to their homes with sad hearts and faces.

At last Spring came. When Jack Frost and North Wind saw her, they waved good-bye and ran away.

Soon the birds were building their nests, the flowers were peeping up out of the ground, and the tree buds were bursting.

But the children—where were they?

"Why don't the children come to the woods?" said Spring. "Last year and every other year they came to play with the birds and the flowers and the animals."

"It is lonely without them," said the birds. "They will not hear our beautiful songs."

"If they do not come soon," said the flowers, "our blossoms will all be gone."

All the baby rabbits and squirrels and foxes said, "We want to see the children. We want to hide in our holes and peep out at them as they pass."

"Perhaps they do not know we are here," said Spring. "Robin, will you tell them?"

"I am too busy building a nest for my little ones," said the robin. "Send the fox. His little ones are already here."

"Will you go, Red Fox?" said Spring.

"I dare not go," said the fox. "The people will think I have come to steal the chickens."

"That is true," said Spring. "We cannot send you. Black Bear, will you go?"

"I am so big and I look so fierce," said the bear, "that I would frighten the children. Besides, I am so thin and hungry after sleeping all winter that I must eat and eat and eat all day long. Ask the rabbit to go. Children all love rabbits."

Now, the rabbit is very timid, but he felt so proud to hear that all the children loved him, that he said he would go. Then he thought of the dogs. "Oh! but the dogs!" he said. "The dogs will catch me."

"You can go at night, when all the dogs are asleep," said Spring. "So I can," said the rabbit. "I will go tonight."

II

So they made a big basket of twigs and leaves, and lined it with soft green grass. Then each bird brought an egg from her nest, until the basket was nearly full.

There were blue eggs, and speckled eggs, and brown eggs. How pretty they looked! Then they covered the eggs over with early spring flowers, and tied the basket on bunny's back.

When evening came, the rabbit set off for the town, hippity-hop, hippity-hop. How strange and quiet it was in the town when everyone was asleep.

Bunny went to the first house where a child lived. He made a little nest of the soft green grass, and put into it one pretty egg and one spring flower.

He put the nest on the door step, and hopped on to the next house, and the next, and the next. When the sun came up, he hopped back to the woods, a happy bunny.

"Why, Spring is here! Spring is here!" said the children when they saw the pretty nests on their door steps next morning. "We were afraid that she was not coming this year. But, see, here are the tracks of a rabbit's feet. He must have brought us the message."

So off they ran to the woods, crying with happy voices, "Hurrah for bunny! Hurrah for bunny! For Spring is here at last, and bunny has come to tell us!"

—Old Tale.

AMERICA

(To be memorized)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
  Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

—*Samuel F. Smith.*

THE FLAG

(To be memorized)

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

—*Henry H. Bennett.*

JOAN AND PIERRE

Joan and Pierre were two little French children. They lived in a small village that had been torn to pieces by the guns of the Great War.

They had not seen each other for a long time. One day they met on the street.

"Oh, Joan!" said Pierre, "What a beautiful new coat you have. Where did you get it? Did St. Nicholas bring it to you?"

"Oh, no, Pierre," said Joan. "St. Nicholas did not bring it to me. He didn't know where to find me this year, because we are living in a cellar now.

"I am glad you like my coat. I have a new cap, too. It is so nice and warm. And my little sister has some new shoes. We are very happy now. We get good food every day, so that we are never hungry any more."

"Oh, where do you get the food, Joan? Do tell me," said Pierre. "I am hungry now, and I am very cold, too."

"Come with me, poor little Pierre," said Joan. "I will get you food and clothes."

She took him to the other end of the little torn-up village. There stood a long, low house. They could see it from very far away, as there were no other houses standing on the street. They could see the fluttering of a red, white, and blue flag while they were yet far away.

"Oh, I see the house," said Pierre. "It has our flag on top. We must salute it."

"Oh, no," said Joan. "That is not our flag. But we must both salute it. That is the American Flag. It is red, white, and blue like ours. My father says it made him very happy the first time he saw it in the trenches."

"My father didn't come back from the war," said little Pierre.

Soon they reached the long, low house. Then they saw another flag flying. It had a red cross on a field of white.

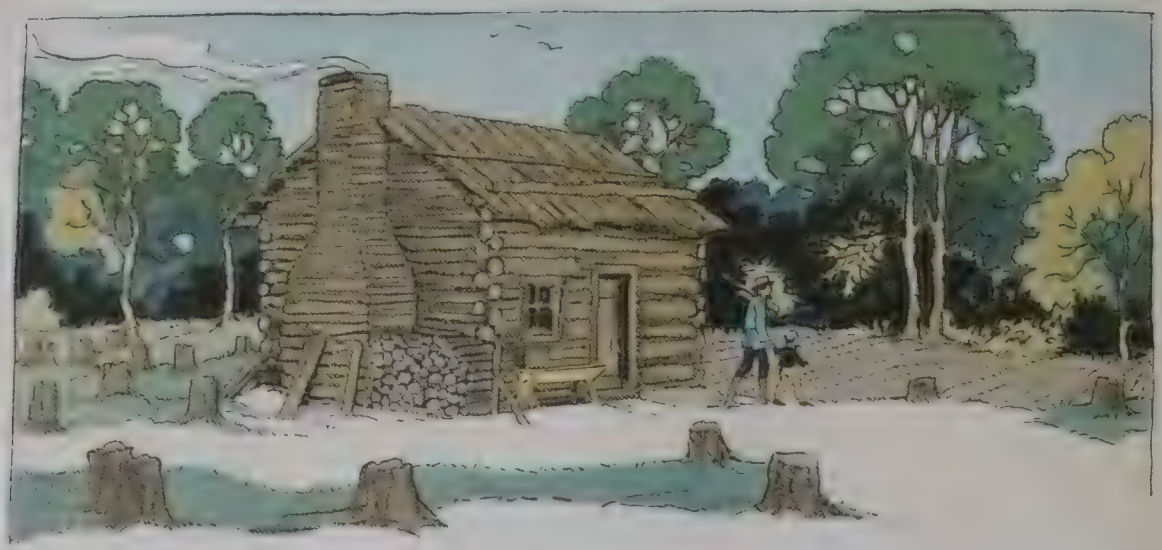
Joan took Pierre into the house, where he saw piles of hats and coats and shoes. There were some toys, too. Pierre was given nice, warm clothes, a pair of shoes, and a cap. He got some warm food, too.

"I like this house," said Pierre. "I think I'll come here every day. I'll bring my little brother, too. What is the name of this house, Joan?"

"This is the house of the Junior Red Cross," said Joan. "The little boys and girls of America send us these things."

"Hurrah for the Junior Red Cross," said Pierre.

—Edna V. Riddleberger.



LINCOLN AND HIS DOG

Once there was a kind-hearted lad named Abraham Lincoln. His friends called him Abe, for short.

He lived with his father, mother, and sister in a cabin on a little farm. The cabin had only one room. They were very poor, and his father had a hard time to make a living.

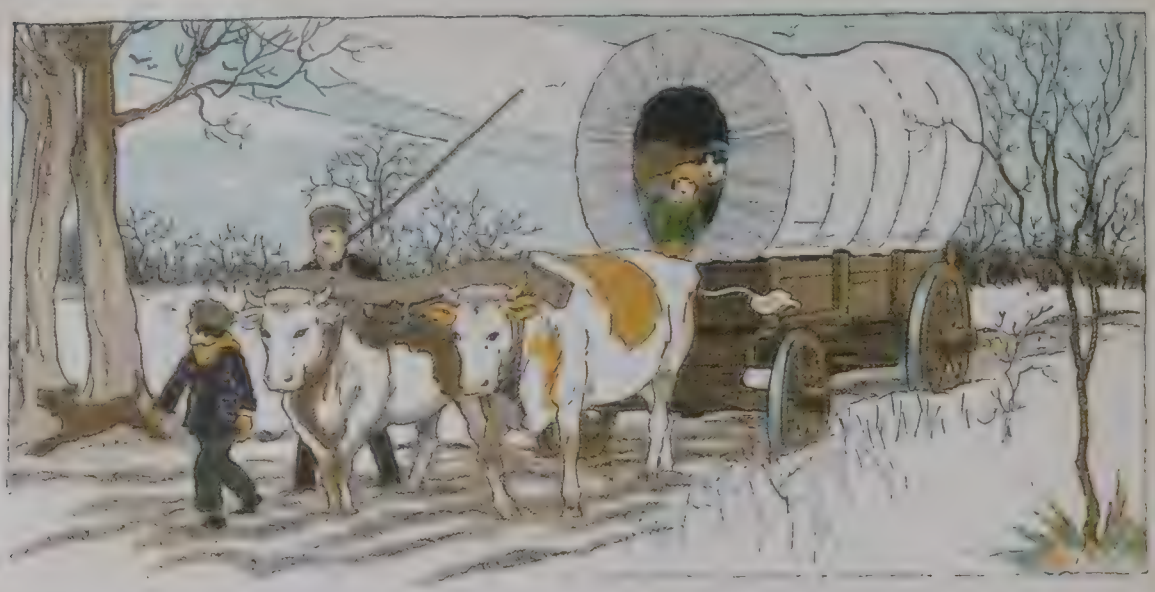
One day he said to his family, "I have sold the farm. This land is too poor. We will move to some place where the soil is better for farming. There we can make a better living."

As there were no railroads in those days, people had to move from place to place in wagons. So the Lincoln family put their rough furniture into a covered wagon. With two strong oxen to pull it, they started on their journey.

It was near the end of winter, and the roads were deep with mud. Often the heavy wagon sank down almost to the hubs of the wheels. Through the woods they went, and up and down the hills. The journey was slow and tiresome.

In those days there were no bridges over the streams they had to cross. So the strong oxen had to pull the wagon across the frozen streams. They broke through the ice with every step.

It was a long, cold, hard journey. How glad they would all be to reach the little home at the end. But they knew it would be only a rough cabin like the one they had left.



Abe walked along by the wagon. Sometimes he patted the faithful oxen as they pulled their heavy load.

By his side trotted his little dog. The dog really seemed to like the hard journey. For there were many squirrels to send hurrying up the trees. There were rabbits to chase, too. It was just fun for the dog.

But one day the little dog chased a rabbit far off into the woods. While he was gone, the oxen pulled the wagon, with the family inside, through a frozen stream. The thin ice cracked under their heavy feet and then floated off down the stream.

The Lincoln family had gone on some distance when they heard a loud barking behind them. Looking back, they saw the timid little dog on the other side of the stream, barking with all his might. He was running up and down the bank.

The lad, Abe, ran back and tried to coax him to cross on the thin ice. But the frightened little animal could not be coaxed. He was afraid the ice would not bear even his light weight.

"We shall have to go on without him," said the older ones of the family. "The roads are so deep with mud that the oxen cannot turn back."

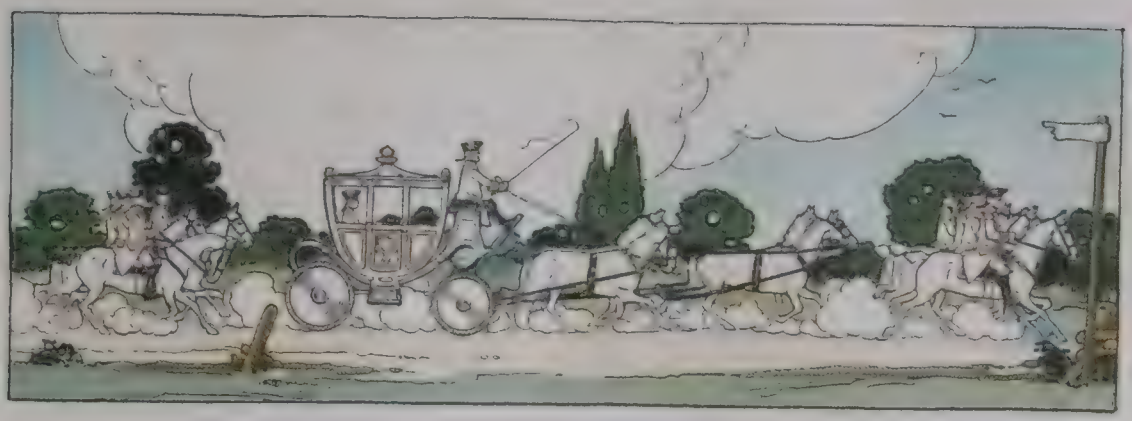
"But he will starve, or freeze," said little Abe. "We can't be so cruel as that. Listen how he whines!"

Abe sat down and quickly pulled off his heavy shoes and stockings. Then he waded back through the cold water. The happy little dog jumped all over him in his joy.

He took the shivering little animal in his arms, and waded again through the stream. Soon he overtook the slow oxen.

All the rest of the journey the little dog kept close by the boy's side. He had found out that a good friend is worth more than many squirrels.

This kind-hearted lad, Abraham Lincoln, became one of our greatest presidents. The really great are always kind.



THE LITTLE COOK

Betty lived in the South, long, long ago. She was only ten years old, but she liked to help her mother.

She had learned to do many things. She could knit and sew and spin; but best of all she liked to cook.

One day Betty was alone at home, because her father and mother and brother had gone to town to see a wonderful sight.

The great George Washington was visiting the South. He was going from town to town, riding in a great white coach drawn by four milk-white horses. A coachman sat on a high seat in front and drove them.

Four horsemen rode ahead of the coach to clear the way, and four others rode behind it. They were all dressed in white and gold.

Great crowds of people waited at every town for Washington. When they saw him coming they clapped their hands and sang songs of welcome.

Little girls threw flowers before him as he rode along. Little boys dressed like soldiers, with fife and drum, marched to meet him. Betty's brother Robert was one of these boys.

But Betty could not see this wonderful sight. Someone had to stay at home to keep the house.

"I will stay, Mother," Betty had said. "Robert must march with the boys. I can keep the house, and I will cook supper for you. I will have it all ready when you get home."

After they were all gone Betty was very sad. Oh, how she wanted to go to town!

But little Betty must stay at home all day. She could never see the great George Washington, the first President of the United States.

She sat on a bench on the shady porch, and felt very sad and lonely. All her work was done, and it was only nine o'clock. How could she bear the long, long day!

"Oh, if I could only see George Washington!" she said to herself.

But what sound was that? Someone was coming!

Four horsemen were galloping along the road that led to town. A great white coach drawn by four horses came after them. Then came more horsemen.

Betty's heart stood still, for they all stopped at the gate.

A tall man stepped from the coach and came up the walk. Betty got up to meet him, and made a curtsy as he reached the steps.

"Good morning, my little maid," said the tall man. "I know it is late, but can you give me some breakfast?"

Betty's cheeks grew rosy, and she made another curtsy.

"I will try, sir," she said. "Father and mother and brother Robert have gone to town to see the great George Washington. I am the only one at home."

"You do not need any help," said the tall man. "I am sure you are as quick as you are pretty. Just get a breakfast for me. Then I promise you that you shall see Washington before your brother does."

Betty's heart beat fast.

"I will do the best I can, sir," she said.

She went to work with quick hands and feet. She put wood on the fire and hung a kettle of water over it. Then she spread the table with a white cloth and put on the very best dishes and silver. She brought fresh honey and bread.

Then Betty ran to the cool spring-house for golden butter and rich milk. She cut thin slices of ham and put new-laid eggs into the boiling water.

The hungry stranger had such a fine breakfast that when he left the table he leaned over and kissed Betty.

"Now, my dear little cook," he said, "you may tell your brother Robert that you saw Washington before he did, and that he kissed you, too."

—Lutie Andrews McCorkle—Adapted.

HOW BUTTERCUPS CAME

Once there was an old man who lived all by himself. He had a great bag full of shining gold. He did not want to give away any of it, so he lived far back in the woods.

One night a robber came while the old man was asleep, and stole all the gold.

There was a hole in the bag in which the money had been kept, and as the robber ran away, the money fell out through the hole.

Early in the morning a little fairy came walking through the woods.

When she saw the pieces of money on the ground, she said, "If I leave them here, the old man will come and pick them up again. So I will change them into golden flowers."

Then she touched each piece of gold, and up sprang bright golden flowers. She called the flowers "Buttercups."

This is the way the beautiful golden buttercups came into the world.

—Old Tale.

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE KIND OLD OAK

It was almost time for winter to come.

The little birds had gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold. They had gone where it was warm and where there was plenty to eat.

There was no green grass in the fields, and all the pretty flowers in the gardens had gone to sleep for the winter.

Many of the trees had dropped their leaves. Cold winter with its ice and snow would soon be in the woods.

Some beautiful little violets were still in bloom near the foot of an old oak tree. They loved the old tree, for it had often sheltered them from the storms.

"Dear old oak," said the violets, one day, "what shall we do to save ourselves? Winter is coming, and we are afraid that we shall die of cold."

"Do not be afraid," said the oak. "Close your yellow eyes and go to sleep. I will

take care of you, so that winter cannot harm you."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep. Then the great tree dropped its leaves one by one upon them, until they had a nice warm covering.

Soon Jack Frost came with ice and snow, but he could not harm the little violets, because the kind old oak tree had taken care of them with a warm coat of leaves. They were safe.

There they slept and dreamed happy dreams until spring came. Then the warm rains and the sunshine came and waked them.

—Old Tale.

CLOVERS

The clovers have no time to play;
They feed the cows and make the hay,
They trim the lawn and help the bees
Until the sun shines through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers.
And bow their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.

Then, when the day dawns clear and blue,
They wake and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the livelong day,
For clovers have no time to play.

—Helena Leeming Jeliffe.

THE GIRL WHO WAS CHANGED TO A SUNFLOWER

Clytie was a beautiful water-maiden who lived far down in the deep sea-caves. Her hair shone like gold in the green sea.

"Your hair is as bright as Apollo's golden chariot," her mother said one day. Clytie was playing with the shells on the floor of the sea-cave, and her yellow hair floated around her pretty head.

"Who is Apollo?" asked Clytie.

"He is the sun-god," said her mother. "He lives above the sea. Every day he drives the chariot of the sun straight across the sky."

"Why does he do that?" asked Clytie.

"He brings the bright sun and the day into the world," said her mother.

"When he begins his journey, it is morning in the sun-land. When he is high up in the heavens, it is noon.

"When he drives down the western sky, it is evening, and when he leads the sun-horses away to rest, it is night."

"Some day," said Clytie, "I shall go up to the sun-land to see Apollo, the sun-god."

So one day, when Clytie had grown to be a tall maiden, she left the sea-caves. She went up to the bright sun-land, and walked in a beautiful meadow by the sea.

Apollo, the great sun-god, was just getting into his golden chariot. He was very tall and beautiful.

The wild horses of the sun pranced and neighed and pulled at the reins. But Apollo held them with his strong hands and drove the chariot across the sky.

Clytie watched the sun-god all that day. When night came she did not go back to her cool sea-home.

The next day she watched again.

"I want to live in this beautiful sun-land," she said. "It is dark in the deep sea-caves. How can I bear to go back to them? Oh, how I wish I could always watch Apollo in his golden chariot!"

For nine days Clytie stood in the meadow. She tasted neither food nor drink. Her golden hair hung over her shoulders, and her face was always turned to the shining chariot of the sun.

She watched it as it started in the east. She lifted her head to see it as it climbed high in the heavens. She turned to look at it as it drove down the west.

Then a strange thing happened. Clytie changed. She was no longer a beautiful maiden, but she was a tall and slender plant.

Her pretty face became a flower. Her bright golden hair turned to yellow petals that looked like the rays of the sun.

Every morning the flower turned to see the sun rise. It lifted up its golden head to see the sun at noon, and turned to watch the sun set in the west.

For Clytie was changed to a sunflower.

—Greek Legend

THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

Once there was a boy named Tom, who wanted to catch the Fairy Shoemaker.

"Do not try it," said his mother. "He is a tricky elf."

"Oh, but I must try!" said Tom. "The Fairy Shoemaker can tell me where there is a pot of gold. He can make me rich. I want to get the pot of gold."

"But how can you catch him?" asked his mother. "Can you keep your eyes on him all the time? You know, if you look away just once—pop! he is gone."

"I know I can catch him," said Tom. "I will go every day to look in the meadow, and in the woods. I will look and listen. Some day I shall hear his hammer.

"Then I will tiptoe softly until I see him. I will keep my eyes on him. I will not look away once. I will make him tell me where the pot of gold is. Then we shall be rich."

"Well, good luck to you," said his mother. "But I think you will get a pot of gold sooner if you earn it."

So every day Tom looked for the Fairy Shoemaker—on the hill, in the meadow, and in the woods. He listened for the sound of his tiny hammer and his song.

One day, when he had walked a long time, he was very tired and lay down on the hill to rest. All at once he heard something:

"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too."

It was the hammer of the Fairy Shoemaker.

Tom put his ear close to the hill. He could hear a shrill voice singing:

"This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-a-tack-too."

It was the Fairy Shoemaker's song.

Tom's heart beat fast. Now, if he could only catch the elf, he could get the pot of gold. But first he must see him. Then he must keep his eyes on him. If he looked away once—pop! the tricky elf would be gone.

He went on tiptoe around the hill so quietly that he did not make a sound. There, in a little grassy spot, was a tiny old man. He was only a foot tall, and his face was full of wrinkles.

He wore a little leather apron, and in his lap was the little shoe he was making.

"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too,"

went his tiny hammer. Yes! It was the Fairy Shoemaker!

Tom's heart was full of joy. Oh, yes! He would keep his eyes on the elf. He would not look away once. Then he would get the pot of gold.

"Good-morning!" said Tom. The Fairy Shoemaker did not say a word. Tom went closer to him.

"That is a fine shoe you are making," he said. The Fairy Shoemaker did not say a word.

Tom went closer still. "Show me the pot of gold!" he said. "Where is it?"

"Wait a minute," said the Fairy Shoemaker. "Let me take a pinch of snuff first." He got out his snuff-box and took a big pinch. He snuffed it up his nose.

Then he held out the box to Tom. "Take a pinch yourself," he said. But Tom was wise. He knew that the elf was tricky.

"He thinks I will look away," he said to himself. "But I will not look at the box, oh, no! I will not take my eyes off his face."

So he put his hands out to feel for the box. Puff! The Fairy Shoemaker threw the snuff into Tom's eyes and nose and mouth.

"Ker-choo!" sneezed Tom. "Ker-choo! Ker-choo! Kerchoo!" The tears rolled down his cheeks.

"KER-CHOO!" He gave a big sneeze, and his eyes shut up tight. Pop! The Fairy Shoemaker was gone!

"Just so!" said his mother, when Tom got home. "What did I tell you? See how red your eyes are! And how you sneeze! The Fairy Shoemaker is a tricky elf. You had better try to earn your pot of gold, instead of hunting for the Fairy Shoemaker."

II

But Tom was not ready to give up. He wanted to get the pot of gold. He wanted to be rich.

"I have seen the Fairy Shoemaker once," he said. "I may see him again."

So every day Tom looked for him—on the hill, in the meadow, and in the woods. And one day, he heard him again by the ditch in the meadow.

"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too."

It was the Fairy Shoemaker's hammer.

He listened again. He could hear a shrill voice singing:

"Scarlet leather sewed together,
This will make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-a-tack-too."

Tom walked quietly up to the ditch. The elf was sitting on a little stool. He was putting a heel on a little shoe.

"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too,"

went his tiny hammer. He was so busy that Tom got very close to him.

"That is a fine shoe," he said. The Fairy Shoemaker looked up. "Thank you kindly," he said.

"Whose shoe is it?" asked Tom.

"That is my business," said the Fairy Shoemaker.

Tom went nearer and nearer. He kept his eyes on the elf's face. "Why do you work so hard?" he said.

"That is my business, too," said the elf. "You ought to work a little harder yourself. See what those cows are doing! They are breaking into the corn."

Tom had seen no cows. He was so surprised that he almost turned to look. Then he said, "Oho! That is just a trick to make me look away." He kept his eyes on the elf's face. He went nearer still, and then—jump! He caught the elf in his hand.

"Now I have you," said Tom. "Where is the pot of gold? I shall never let you go until you tell me."

"Come on, then," said the elf. "We must go to the woods. Then I will show you where the pot of gold is."

So they went across fields and ditches and bogs.

Tom held the elf in his hand all the way and kept his eyes on him. He could not see his steps. He slipped and stumbled and fell. It was not a pleasant walk, as you can see.

When at last they came to the woods, Tom said, "Where is the pot of gold?"

"There it is," said the Fairy Shoemaker, pointing to a tree. "Dig under the roots and you will find a great pot of gold."

"Dig under the roots!" cried Tom. "But I have no spade."

" home and get one," said the elf.

" ll do that," said Tom. "But first I will tie my yellow neck scarf around the tree. Then I can find it when I come back." So he tied his scarf around the tree.

"Now put me down. I must go home," said the Fairy Shoemaker.

"I will put you down," said Tom, "if you will promise not to touch the scarf I tied on the tree."

"I promise," said the Fairy Shoemaker. "I will not touch it, and no one shall touch it. May I go?"

Tom put him down. "Yes, you may go," he said. "Good-bye! Thank you for the pot of gold."

"Good-bye!" said the Fairy Shoemaker. "Much good may the pot of gold do you when you get it." Then—pop! he was gone.

Tom ran home as fast as he could go. He got a spade and ran back to the woods, to dig up the pot of gold. When he got there, what do you think he saw?

Every tree in the woods had a yellow scarf tied around it! The ends of the scarfs waved in the breeze. The bright color made the woods look very gay.

But where was the pot of gold? There were hundreds of trees in the woods. Tom could not dig under the roots of all of them.

Tom was so surprised that the spade fell out of his hands. Then he picked it up, put it over his shoulder, and went home.

The Fairy Shoemaker had beaten him again.

"Mother is right," said Tom. "He is a tricky elf. I shall get a pot of gold sooner if I earn it for myself."

—*Sarah A. Haste.*

THE FIRST UMBRELLA

Once an elf-child went out to play. He was an odd little fellow who wore a queer little coat. The bottom of this coat was cut into sharp points.

The elf-child wore a pointed cap and tiny pointed shoes. Even his little ears and nose were pointed.

He was having a good play. He rang the blue-bells and blew the trumpet-flowers. Then he tied a spider's thread to a bit of thistle-down and made a kite.

He ran after his kite until by and by he was far from home. Then the rain began to fall. The big drops came thick and fast.

"This is a new cap and coat," said the elf. "I do not want to get them wet. What shall I do? Oh, I know what to do! I will hide under a big leaf."

So the elf hunted for a leaf big enough to keep him dry. But he could not find one.

Then he saw a toadstool. "Oh, this toadstool is better than a leaf!" he said. "It will keep me snug and dry."

So the elf crept under the toadstool. But someone else was already there. It was a little mouse, fast asleep.

Now the elf was afraid of a mouse.

"If I stay here, this great beast may eat me up," he said. "If I go away my new cap and coat will get wet. What shall I do?"

The elf peeped around the stem of the toadstool. But the mouse had not seen him. He was still fast asleep.

Then the elf thought of something. He smiled to himself. "I know what to do to keep my coat and cap dry!" he said.

He began to pull at the stem of the toadstool. He put both arms around it, and pulled and pulled. It was very heavy, but at last it came up.

Then the elf-child ran off with the toadstool over his head.

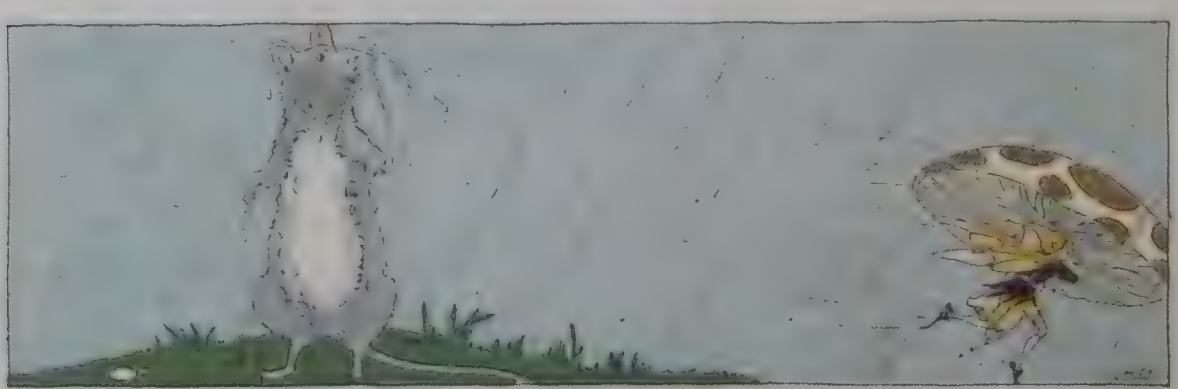
The mouse was left out in the rain. He got up and shook himself. "Squeak, squeak!" he said. "How very wet I am! Where is that toadstool?"

The toadstool was far away. The elf-child was holding it over his head. He was snug and dry, and his new cap and coat were safe.

"Now I know what to do when it rains!" he said.

And that was the first umbrella.

—Carolyn S. Bailey—Adapted.



THE TWELVE MONTHS

I

Laura and Clara were sisters. They had no father or mother, so they lived with an old woman in a little hut near the great forest.

Laura was kind and gentle, but Clara was cross and fretful.

Now, the old woman always let Clara do as she pleased, but she was very unkind to Laura. This was because Clara was like her, for the old woman was cross and fretful, too.

So Laura had to do all the hard work. She had to wait upon Clara and the old woman.

One winter morning Clara was sitting by the fire. It was cold, and she was very cross.

"How I hate winter!" she said. "There is nothing to do but to sit by the fire. I want spring to come. I want some violets. Laura, go out and get some violets!"

"Ask me to do something that can be done," said Laura, laughing. "The violets are all asleep under the snow."

"Why do you laugh?" said the old woman. "Do as your sister tells you."

She opened the door and pushed Laura out. Then she locked the door.

Laura went into the forest. It was very cold, and she had no coat. She went on and on until she came to a great fire.

Twelve old men sat around the fire. Each was wrapped in a great cloak. Three were in cloaks that looked like the leaves of spring. Three were in yellow like the golden grain of summer. Three were in white like the snow of winter. And three wore cloaks like the grapes of autumn.

Each one of the old men held a long wand in his hand.

"Why have you come here?" said one of them to Laura.

"I am looking for violets," said Laura.

"Violets in winter!" cried the old man. "This is no time for violets. Go home and wait for spring."

"Oh, I cannot go home unless I take some violets to my sister!" said Laura. "Can you not help me?"

"This is our work," said the old men in the cloaks like the leaves of spring. They waved their wands over the fire, and the air became soft and warm. The grass grew green, and violets peeped out from it, for spring had come.

Laura picked a great bunch of violets. "Oh, thank you, thank you!" she said to the old men.

As she spoke, the three old men in white waved their wands over the fire, and it was winter again. Snow covered the ground, and a cold wind blew.

Then Laura ran back to the little hut and gave the violets to Clara.

But the violets did not make Clara happy. She did not even put them into water to keep them fresh. She sat by the fire, and tore the pretty flowers to pieces, one by one.

II

The next day Clara was as fretful and cross as ever.

"There is nothing but snow, snow, snow," she said to the old woman. "I wish I had some strawberries. Make Laura get me some ripe, red strawberries."

"Get strawberries in winter!" said Laura.

"How can I do that? Come with me. Let us run and jump about in the snow. Then you will learn to like it. You will get warm and rosy."

"Do as your sister tells you, Laura. Get her some strawberries," said the old woman, crossly. She pushed her out and locked the door.

Again Laura went into the forest. Again she found the twelve old men around the great fire.

"Why have you come back?" they said.

"I am looking for strawberries this time," said Laura.

"Strawberries in winter!" cried the old men. "Go home and wait for summer."

"Oh, I cannot go home until I find the berries. I am afraid to go back without them. Please help me," said Laura.

"This is our work," said the men in the golden cloaks. They waved their long wands over the fire.

Then the ice and the snow melted. The air became very warm. Flowers bloomed, and birds sang. Many little plants grew among the thick grass. White flowers covered the plants and turned to bright red berries.

Laura filled her apron with the red berries.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she said to the old men.

Then the three old men in white waved their wands over the fire. Again snow and ice covered everything. Laura ran home and gave the berries to Clara.

Clara did not even thank her sister, and she was just as cross as ever.

III

The next morning Clara took her old place by the fire. The snow was falling fast. Laura was very busy. She made the beds, washed the dishes, and swept the floor. She sang as she worked.

"I want something," said Clara. "I don't know what I want, but I want something! I hate winter."

"Try to be happy," said Laura. "Let us go out to play in the snow. Let us make snow-balls and see how far we can throw them."

"I do not want to make snow-balls," said Clara. "You shall get some bright red apples. Get me a whole apronful of them."

"Go out and get the apples!" said the old woman. "Be quick about it! How can you talk about snow-balls? You know that your sister does not like snow." She pushed her out and locked the door.

So Laura went again to the great fire. When she saw the twelve old men she began to cry.

"How can I ask them for anything more?" she said to herself.

But they were sorry for her. "What is it now, dear child?" they asked.

"I must find some ripe, red apples," said Laura. "I dare not go home without them."

"This is our work," said the old men in cloaks like the grapes of autumn. They waved their wands over the fire. The ice and snow were gone.

Bright leaves were falling from the trees. Nuts were ripe. Laura saw an apple tree covered with rosy fruit.

She shook the tree, and a few apples fell. She shook it again, but no more came down; so she gathered the apples into her apron.

"It is not an apronful," she said, "but I cannot ask for more." She thanked the old men for their kindness to her.

Then she hurried through the forest to the little hut and gave all the apples to her sister.

"You have not brought me an apronful!" said the cross child. "You have been eating them yourself. Where did you get them?"

Laura told her about the old men and the great fire.

"Come with me," said Clara to the old woman. "We will get all the apples on the tree. Laura shall have none of them."

IV

Clara and the old woman dressed themselves warmly and went into the forest.

At last they reached the place where the twelve old men sat around the fire.

"Why have you come here?" asked one of them, just as he had asked Laura.

"That is my business," said Clara. "But if you must know, I came to get some ripe, red apples."

"This is not the season for apples," said the old men. "This is winter."

"How silly you are!" said the old woman. "Tell this poor child where to find apples. You know all about it, because you told her sister. Be quick. Don't keep us waiting in the cold."

The twelve old men looked very angry. Then the three in white cloaks stood up and waved their wands.

The fire went out. The snow fell fast. The wind blew fiercely and shook the trees. The branches snapped and fell.

Clara and the old woman turned to go back, but they were blinded by the thick snow. They could not see the path and they were lost in the forest. They never found their own home again. They wandered far, far away.

Laura was left alone in the little hut.

But the twelve old men never forgot her. For they were the Twelve Months. The three men in white stopped up the cracks in the little hut with snow, so that the cold wind could not get in.

The three men in yellow filled her barn with hay and grain for her horse and cow and chickens.

The three men in cloaks like grapes stored her cellar with apples and potatoes and turnips and beets to last through the long winter.

She was always gentle and kind, and her face was as bright as a day in spring.

Then all the people said, "The Twelve Months love our dear Laura, for when she has winter at the door, she has summer in the barn, autumn in the cellar, and spring in her heart."

—Bohemian Tale.

THE MERMAN AND THE MERMAID

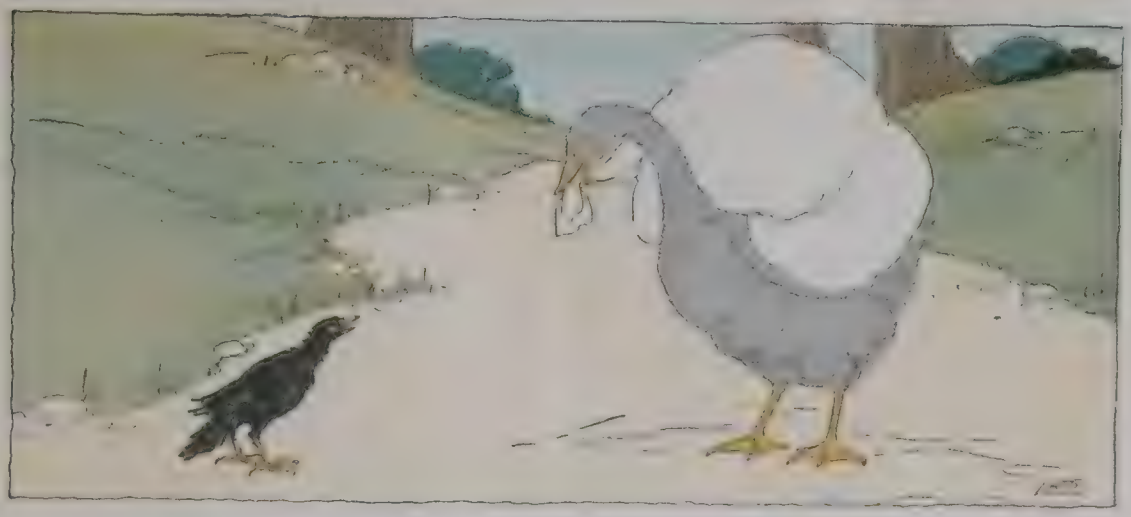
I

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

II

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



THE FOOLISH GOOSE

Time—ONE BRIGHT MORNING
Place—A BIG ROAD

Persons:

GRAY GOOSE — WISE OLD CROW
WHITE CRANE — BROWNIE HEN
A FARMER

[Gray Goose goes walking down the road, with a big bag of corn—very proud and happy. He meets Wise Old Crow.]

WISE OLD CROW. Good morning, Gray Goose! What a heavy bag you have there! It is too much for you to carry alone. Let me help you.

GRAY GOOSE. Oh, no! It is a big bag of corn, but I can carry it without any help.

WISE OLD CROW. Oh, well, I just wanted to help you as a friend. How long do you think your bag of corn will last you? I can tell you of a plan to make a little corn go a long way.

GRAY GOOSE. What is your plan? Tell me how to make my corn go a long way, Wise Old Crow.

[*He puts down his bag of corn in the road.*]

WISE OLD CROW. First, you must spread your corn out upon the ground, so that we can count it. Then, you count on one side, and I will count on the other side.

[*Gray Goose takes some of the corn out of the bag and spreads it upon the ground.*]

GRAY GOOSE. [*Counting.*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—

WISE OLD CROW. [*Eating a grain of corn each time he counts.*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—

GRAY GOOSE. [*Looking up.*] What are you doing, Wise Old Crow? Stop eating my corn!

WISE OLD CROW. [*As he flies far away, laughing.*] Caw! Caw! Caw! I told you that I knew a plan to make a little corn go a long way!

[*Gray Goose picks up his bag of corn, which is not so heavy now, and goes along the road. After a while he meets White Crane.*]

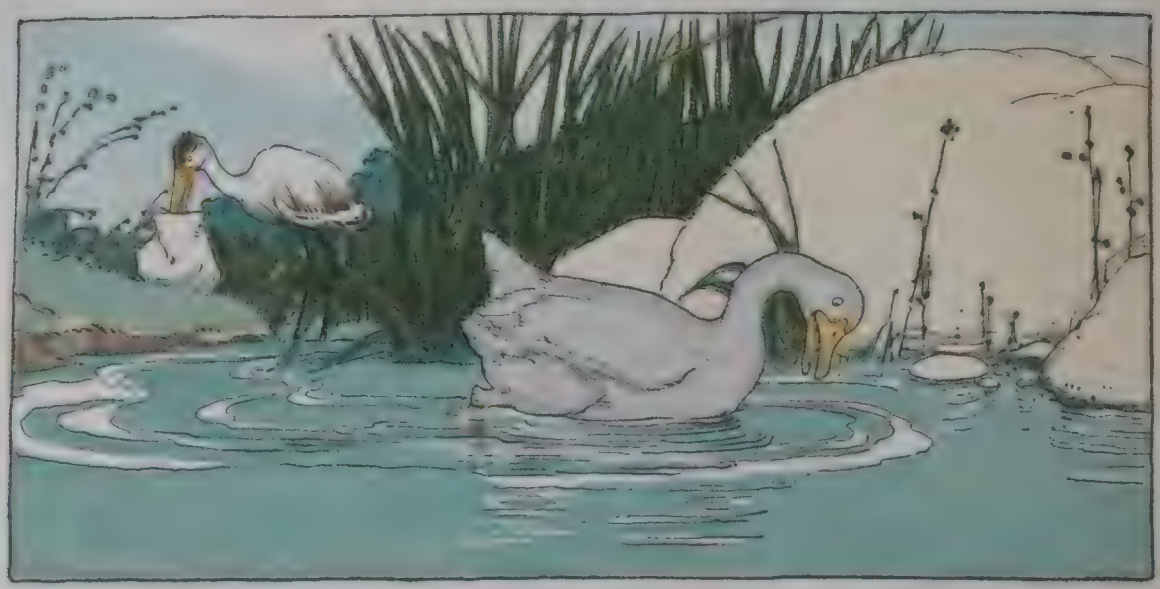
WHITE CRANE. Good morning, Gray Goose! What have you in your bag?

GRAY GOOSE. Oh, that is some of the best corn in the world.

WHITE CRANE. Is that all? You carry it with such care that I thought it must be pearls or diamonds.

GRAY GOOSE. No, I never saw any pearls or diamonds. I should like very much to see such sights!

WHITE CRANE. Well, just swim out to that big rock in the lake over there. The bottom of the lake is covered with beautiful pearls and diamonds. I will keep your corn for you.



[*Gray Goose swims out to see the wonderful sights. While he is gone White Crane eats nearly all of the corn. Gray Goose cannot see any pearls or diamonds on the bottom of the lake. When he starts back, he sees White Crane eating the corn.*]

GRAY GOOSE. Go away from my corn, White Crane! Go away from my corn!

WHITE CRANE. [*As he flies off, laughing.*] I told you that I would keep your corn for you, Gray Goose!

[*Gray Goose picks up the little corn that is left, and goes on down the road. After a while he meets Brownie Hen and her ten chicks.*]

BROWNIE HEN. What have you in that little bag, Gray Goose?

GRAY GOOSE. Oh, just a few grains of corn. I had a big bag full, but White Crane ate most of it while I was looking for pearls and diamonds! I like to see strange sights.

BROWNIE HEN. Well, if you like to see strange sights, throw your corn upon the road and see what happens.

GRAY GOOSE. No, indeed! I know well enough what would happen! Your ten little chicks would eat every grain of it.

BROWNIE HEN. No, No! Gray Goose. My chicks will not steal your corn. Throw some of it upon the road. If my little ones eat a single grain, I will give you ten white eggs.

GRAY GOOSE. All right! I agree to that.

[*He throws down some corn. The chicks run toward it. But before they can eat it, Brownie Hen makes a noise like a hawk. The chicks run away, and Brownie Hen eats the corn.*]

BROWNIE HEN. I told you that my chicks would not eat your corn, Gray Goose!

[*Gray Goose goes on till he meets a Farmer.*]

FARMER. What is in your bag, Gray Goose?

GRAY GOOSE. [*Sadly.*] Only a few grains of corn. My bag of corn grows smaller and smaller. I wish I could make it grow bigger and bigger!

FARMER. Why don't you put the corn in the ground? Then it will grow, and you will always have plenty to eat.

GRAY GOOSE. I will do as you say, Farmer.

[*He plants it, and the corn begins to grow. For every grain he planted, Gray Goose has hundreds of grains!*]

GRAY GOOSE. At last I have found a way to make my bag of corn grow bigger and bigger, instead of smaller and smaller!

—*Leora Robinson.*

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

I

Once upon a time there was a poor woman who lived in a little house with her son Jack.

"Jack," said his mother, one day, "we have no money for bread. You must take our cow to market and sell her."

So Jack started off to market with the cow. On the way he met a man who had some beautiful beans in his hands.

"My boy, where are you going with your cow?" asked the man.

"I am going to market to sell her," said Jack. "What have you in your hands?"

"I have some very wonderful beans," said the man. "I will give them to you if you will give me the cow."

"Very well," said the foolish boy. So he took the beans and ran home.

When his poor mother saw beans instead of money, she began to cry. "You have given away our cow," she said, "and still we have no money for bread!"

Jack felt very sad, but he said, "These beans look so wonderful that I will plant them. Perhaps they will grow and give us plenty of food." So he planted the beans in the garden.

What a strange sight Jack saw in the morning! In the night the beans had grown so high that the stalks were as big as trees, and the tops reached far into the clouds!

"I knew those were wonderful beans!" cried the happy boy. "Perhaps I can find some food at the top of the beanstalk. At least I will climb up to see."

II

Up and up Jack climbed until his home was far below. Still he could not see the top of the beanstalk. By and by he felt so tired that he stopped to rest.

Then he thought of his poor, hungry mother, waiting for food. So again he began to climb higher and higher. After a long time Jack reached the top of the wonderful beanstalk. "What a beautiful country this is!" he cried in surprise.

Not far away he saw a great castle. While he was looking at it, a fairy came and stood by his side. She wore a cap of red silk, and in her hand she carried a wand.

"Listen, my boy," said the fairy, "and I will tell you a story. Once upon a time a good King lived in that castle with his Queen and their little son.

"Not far away lived a great giant, who wanted the King's rich treasures. So one night he came to the castle and killed the King, as he lay asleep.

"Now the Queen had taken the little boy to visit her old nurse, who lived far below upon the earth. When she heard that the King had been killed, the Queen was afraid to go back to the castle.

"So she and her son lived with the good old nurse. When the nurse died, the Queen and the boy still stayed in the little house. Jack, your mother is that poor Queen."

"My dear mother! My poor father!" cried Jack in surprise.

"Everything in this castle belonged to your father," said the fairy. "Are you brave enough to try to win back these treasures?"

"I am afraid of nothing," said the boy.

"Then go to the castle," the fairy said, "and get the hen that lays golden eggs, and the harp that talks."

Jack went at once to the castle. When he blew the horn that hung at the gate, the giant's wife opened the door.

"Go away!" said the woman. "Do you not know that a giant lives here? He will kill you if he sees you. Listen! He is coming now! Hide in that little room!"

Just as Jack hid himself, the great giant came into the castle. He was so heavy that the whole place shook as he walked. His voice was like thunder.

"Wife," he cried, "I smell a man in the castle! Where is he? I will kill him!"

"You smell only the meat for your supper," said his wife. "Sit down and eat."

When the giant had finished eating, he cried, "Wife, bring the magic hen!" So she brought the hen and put it upon the table.

"Lay, good hen!" said the giant. At once the hen laid a golden egg.

"Lay again!" called out the giant. The hen laid another golden egg.

"Lay a third time!" said the giant. Again a golden egg lay upon the table.

Then the giant put the three eggs into his pocket and fell fast asleep.

Now Jack had seen the wonderful hen through a hole in the door. "This is the hen that the fairy told me to get!" he thought.

So when the giant fell asleep, Jack quickly ran out of the castle with the hen.

It did not take Jack long to reach the beanstalk and to climb down. How happy his mother was when he showed her the magic hen, which would make them rich!

III

After this, Jack and his mother had all the gold they wanted. But the young boy could not forget the harp which the fairy had told him to take from the giant.

"Mother," he said one day, "I must go back to the castle and get my father's harp."

So again Jack climbed up the great beanstalk, until he came to the land of the fairy. Then he blew upon the castle horn, and the giant's wife opened the door.

Now she did not know that this was the same boy who had run away with the magic hen; for Jack had grown to be very tall in the time that had passed. So she hid him in the little room, just as she had done the first time he came to the castle.

Soon the giant came home. "I smell B O Y!" he cried in a voice like thunder.

"You smell only the fat sheep I have cooked for your dinner," said his wife. "Sit down and eat."

After the giant had finished eating, he called out, "Wife, bring me the magic harp!" So the woman brought him a beautiful harp with golden strings.

"Harp," said the giant, "play for me!" At once soft, sweet music filled the castle.

"Play a more joyful tune!" cried the giant. The harp played such a happy tune that the giant laughed with joy. Never had Jack heard such wonderful music.

"Now play a lullaby!" cried the giant. At once the harp played so sweet a lullaby that the giant fell fast asleep.

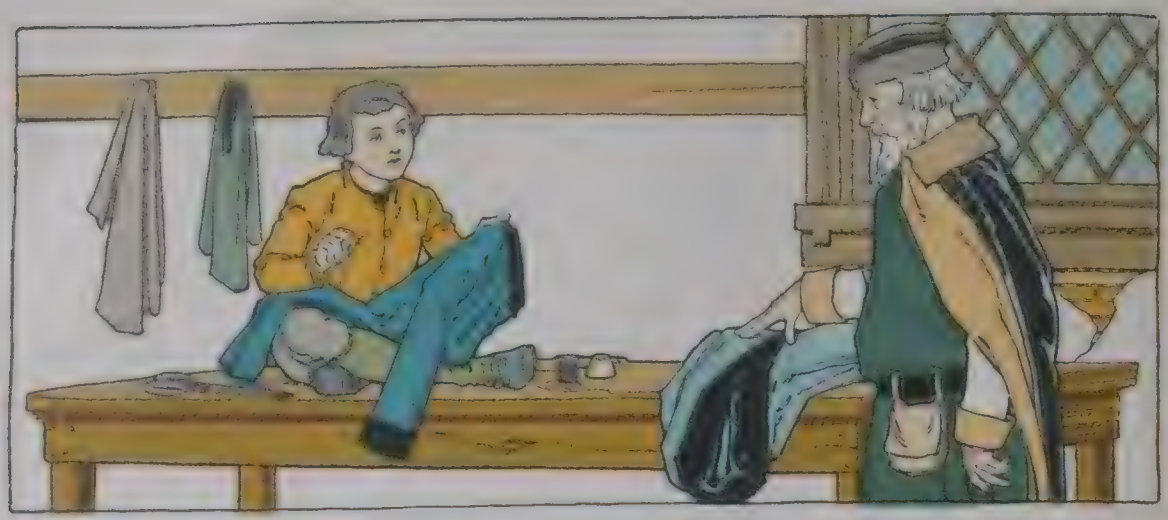
Then Jack crept quietly out of the room, and took the magic harp in his arms. But as he ran through the castle door, the harp called out, "Master! Master!"

Up sprang the giant with a great shout. He ran after Jack faster than the wind. But as he ran, the giant stumbled over a stone, and fell to the ground. Before he could get upon his feet, Jack quickly climbed down the beanstalk.

"Mother! Mother!" cried the boy, running to his little house. "Give me our old ax!" Then with a few quick strokes he cut the wonderful beanstalk close to its roots. Over it went upon the earth with a loud crash, and Jack was safe.

At that very moment the fairy stood beside him. "My brave boy," she said, "you have done well. From this day on, you and your mother shall live in plenty."

—Old English Tale.



THE LITTLE TAILOR

ACT I

Time—ONE AFTERNOON, LONG, LONG AGO
Place—A ROOM IN THE TAILOR'S SHOP

Persons:

MASTER TAILOR LITTLE TAILOR

[*Little Tailor sits on a table, sewing. Beside him are his great scissors and his thread. The door opens, and Master Tailor comes in.*]

LITTLE TAILOR. Welcome to you, Master!
Have you been to the King's Palace?
Did the King's coat fit him?

[*Master Tailor shakes his head sadly and throws the King's coat upon the table.*]

MASTER TAILOR. The King would not even see me! He would see no one.

LITTLE TAILOR. Is the poor King sick?

MASTER TAILOR. No, he is not sick, but he is very sad. He wishes to marry the beautiful Princess. But her father says that the King shall not marry her until he answers three questions.

LITTLE TAILOR. Three questions! Upon my scissors and thread! If I were King, I would answer a hundred questions, to marry so beautiful a Princess.

MASTER TAILOR. But he cannot answer them! No one can answer them! So he sits all day with his head in his hands, thinking of the three questions. He would not even look at this fine new coat.

LITTLE TAILOR. But what are these three questions? Maybe I can answer them.

MASTER TAILOR. You are a good little tailor, but you had better stick to your scissors and thread. You cannot answer them.

LITTLE TAILOR. But please tell me what these questions are, Master Tailor.

MASTER TAILOR. Well, the three questions are:
How many stars are in the sky?
How many hairs on your head lie?
And last of all, how old am I?

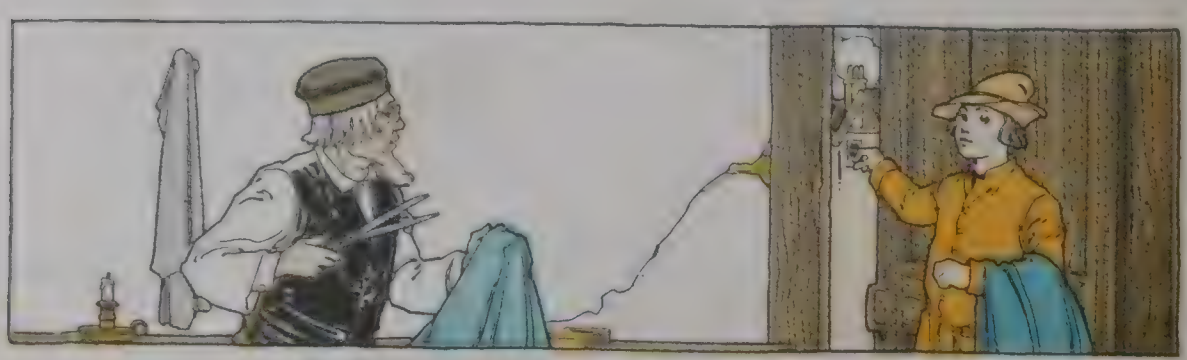
[*Little Tailor stops sewing. He puts his head in his hands, and thinks for a moment. Then he gets off the table quickly.*]

LITTLE TAILOR. I must hurry so that I can get to the King's Palace tonight.

[*He puts on his long cloak and pointed hat. Then he picks up the King's coat, and hurries toward the door.*]

MASTER TAILOR. [*Dropping his work in surprise.*]
Where are you going? Why are you taking the King's coat?

LITTLE TAILOR. Oh, I am off to the Palace to tell the King how to answer the three questions. [*He hurries out.*]



ACT II

Time—THE EVENING OF THE SAME DAY
Place—THE KING'S PALACE

Persons:

THE KING — SERVANT
COURTIERS — DOOR-KEEPER
LITTLE TAILOR

[*The King sits on his throne with his head in his hands. His courtiers stand about the room looking sad. A servant comes in.*]

SERVANT. Dinner is ready in the Great Hall!

KING. Go away! Go away! I cannot eat.

[*Someone knocks at the door crying, "Open! open!"*]

What is that noise?

DOOR-KEEPER. A foolish tailor boy is outside.

KING. Why does he come to the Palace?

DOOR-KEEPER. He says he can tell you how to answer the three questions.

KING. Bring the tailor boy in at once.

[The great door is opened, and Little Tailor comes in with the King's coat on his arm.]

You say you can answer the three questions? How do you even know what these questions are?

LITTLE TAILOR. My Master was here today with this coat. He told me what the questions are. I can answer them.

KING. If you can answer them you shall have anything you wish! First, tell me how many stars are in the sky.

LITTLE TAILOR. Give me a pen, some ink, a big sheet of white paper, and a table.

[A Courtier brings them in. Little Tailor puts the paper upon the table and makes a great many black dots upon it. Then he holds it up.]

There, O King! Count the dots!

KING. [*Shaking his head.*] I cannot count them! There are so many dots that no one could count them.

LITTLE TAILOR. Very well! So it is with the stars in the sky!

KING. [*In great joy.*] Very good! Very good! Just so I will answer the father of the Princess. That is the only true answer! But now tell me how many hairs there are on my head.

LITTLE TAILOR. Take off your crown, O King.

[*The King takes off his crown. Little Tailor goes up to him, and pulls out one of his hairs.*]

There! You have one hair less than you had when I came here.

KING. [*Clapping his hands.*] Good again! There could not be a better answer! The father of the Princess will not have a word to say. But now, tell me how to answer the last question. What shall I say when the father of the Princess asks me how old he is?

LITTLE TAILOR. Oh, that is the very easiest question of all! He is as old as his tongue, and a little older than his teeth.

KING. [*He shakes Little Tailor by the hand.*] You are indeed a wise Little Tailor! I shall marry the Princess tomorrow. Tell me what you wish to have, and I will give it to you.

LITTLE TAILOR. I have only one thing to ask of you. Try on this coat, to see if it fits.

KING. I do not need to try on the coat. So wise a tailor is sure to make a coat that fits. You shall make all my coats as long as I live.

ALL THE COURTIERS. [*Shouting together.*] Long live the King! Long live Little Tailor!

—*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

THE KING AND THE GOOSE-HERD

I

Long ago, in a land across the sea, there lived a good King who loved books more than anything else in all the world.

One day the King sat down upon a bench in the castle park, to read. He was tired, and the day was hot, so he fell asleep.

After a while the good King waked up. "I will take a long walk," he said to himself, "and see the beautiful lake." He did not think of his book until he had gone far from the park.

"Perhaps I can find someone to send back for it," thought the King, as he looked about him. On a hill-side, not far away, he saw a boy tending a flock of geese.

So the King went to the goose-herd and said to him, "My boy, I left a book upon a bench by the gate in the park. I will give you a silver piece if you will get it for me."

The eyes of the boy sparkled as he saw the piece of money. "I would run to the park many times for such a silver piece," he said. "It is more than I get in a month for tending geese. But what will become of my flock while I am gone?"

"The geese will be all right," answered the King. "I will take care of them."

"You!" cried the boy, laughing. "You are too fat and too slow to watch over geese. They would run away from you and get into the meadow by the lake. Do you see that big black gander? He would lead the whole flock away. No! I cannot leave my geese, even for your piece of silver."

"My boy, I can keep people in order," said the King. "Surely I can take care of a few geese for a little while."

"You keep people in order!" the goose-herd cried in surprise. "Oh, you must be the school-master. But you would find that it is much easier to manage boys than geese!"

"That may be so," said the King. "But get me the book, and I will pay for any harm the geese may do while you are gone."

"Well, then, take my whip," answered the goose-herd, "and I will go. Be sure to keep your eyes on the black gander."

So the King took the whip, and the boy started off toward the castle park. All at once he stopped and called back, "Crack the whip, School-Master! Crack the whip!"

The King swung the whip, first to one side and then to the other, but it made no sound.

"You a school-master!" cried the boy, running back to the King. "And yet you cannot crack a whip! Here, let me show you how to do it."

Taking the whip from the King's hand, the goose-herd swung it over his head and made it crack with a loud noise. At once the geese gathered quickly together. Then the boy ran off for the book, as fast as his legs could carry him.

II

Soon the big black gander lifted up his head and looked about him. When he saw that a strange man held the whip, he flapped his wings and gave a shrill cry.

At once all the geese began to run toward the meadow by the lake. After them ran the King, shouting as loud as he could, "Stop! Stop! Come back to the hill-side!"

He tried to crack the whip, but no sound came, and soon the geese were feeding all over the meadow. The King worked harder and harder, but he could not drive even one goose back to the hill-side.

"The boy was right, after all," he said to himself. "It is easier to manage thousands of men than one flock of geese."

After a while the little goose-herd came back with the book. He looked for his geese, but they were running over the meadow, eating the long grass.

"There!" said the angry boy, turning to the King. "I knew how it would be! And I can never drive them together by myself. Come and help me!"

Without saying a word, the good King gave the whip to the boy.

"Stand at this corner of the meadow," said the goose-herd. "Stretch out your arms! Now, move them up and down. When I give you the word, shout with all your might at the geese."

Then the boy set out for the end of the field, where the big black gander was running about and feeding.

"Now, shout!" called out the goose-herd.

The King stretched out his arms, waved them up and down, and shouted with all his might. At the same time the goose-herd cracked his whip, and the whole flock of geese ran out of the meadow.

"Never again shall anyone get my whip away from me!" said the boy. "I would not give it to the King himself."

The King laughed. "You are right," he said, "for the King is as poor a goose-herd as I am. But here is another silver piece to pay for the harm that the geese have done. Do not be angry with me. I never tended geese before. You see, I am the King."

"The King!" cried the boy in surprise. "Well, you are a kind man, anyway, and everyone says that you are a good King. But just the same, you are a very poor goose-herd."

—Old Persian Tale.

THE RAINBOW

Two little clouds one summer day
  Went floating through the sky;
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
  And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked down and said,
  "Oh, never mind, my dears;
I'll send my little fairy folks
  To dry your falling tears!"

One fairy came in red so fine,
  And one in orange bright;
Then yellow, green, blue, violet
  Were all at once in sight.

They wiped the cloud tears all away,
  And then from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
  They hung their gowns to dry.

—Lizzie M. Hadley.

HOW THE DAYS GOT THEIR NAMES

I never know what day it is
Unless I hear the name;
Today, tomorrow, yesterday
To me seem all the same.

And so I'm glad they named the days,
A long, long time ago.
I'll tell you how it came about,
For every child should know.

In old times, folks had lots of gods;
The greatest was the sun.
Our Sunday got its name from him.
The week had now begun.

The "Moon-day" next was named, to
please
The moon-god, so they say.
Its name is Monday now. I guess
That one "o" slipped away.

Our Tuesday's name comes from Tiu
(You spell it T-u-e),
Who was the old-time god of war.
A god to fear was he!

Old Woden was another god,
The god of wisdom bright.
Old Woden's day is Wednesday now;
Be sure you spell it right.

And Thursday gets its name from Thor,
The god of thunder, loud.
The old folks had no "lightning-day"—
They feared the thunder-cloud!

Our Friday comes from Frigedaeg.
That may seem strange, I know.
It got its name from Woden's wife,
A long, long time ago.

Old Saturn was the god of plants,
The friend of girl and boy;
For Saturday was named for him,
The day of children's joy.

Those old-time folks had fifty gods
Almost, it seems to me.
If they had named a day for each,
How long the week would be!

WORD LIST FOR BOOK TWO

The following list contains the words of Book Two that were not taught in the Primer or Book One. Many of these words have been developed phonetically in earlier lessons, and are therefore not new to the child when read on the pages indicated. Such words are printed in italic type.

8 ready
path
pump
nice
clear
bath

9 *wood*-pile
chips
cook

10 rich

11 Top-knot
Biddy
scratching
new-laid

13 bathed
dressed
while

14 dipper
thirsty
tin
dry

15 sharp
stones
among
started
poured
hand

16 queer
happened
shining
silver
drink
shone
feel

17 *sparkling*
diamonds
ago
shows
brave

18 twinkle
blazing
set
dew
often
traveler
though

19 half
hour
band
danced
a-searching
skies
minute
course

20 naughty
stood

21 toward
oho

22 goes
use
heels

23 funniest
proper
which
shoots
India-rubber
ball
none
buttercup
lazy
arrant

24 candle
quite
grown-up
past
seem
hard

25 lucky
been
pay
piece
shoulder

26 *hot*
heavy
riding
rode

27 foot
load
trade
reins

28 driving
brought
sunny

29 clapped
drove
drop
kicked
dust

30 butcher
wheelbarrow
killed
beef
pork

31 troubles
carrying
stolen
thief
throw

32 *rid*
scissors-grinder
pocket

33 either
answered

34 done
need
grindstone

35 bank
stooped
watched

36 charmingly
curled
heath
week

37 folks
terribly
changed
paint
washed
arm's
trodden
least
sake

38 grasshopper
same
worker

39 *harm*
stiff

40 frog
ox
animal
herself
strange
young

41 burst
silly

42 pleasing
everybody
taking
donkey
easier
ashamed

43 women
selfish
room
enough
able
pole
carried

44 untied
drive
nobody

45 *manger*
ought
starve
life
else

46 *strangers*

47 fur
mine
quick

48 gentle
speak
sound
purr-r
danger
dreadful
most

49 listen
chin
moved
wild
stretched

50 squee-hee-hee
mind
fierce
remember
deeds

51 cream
apple-*tart*
wanders
lowing
stray
blown
pass
showers

52 Taro
turtle
fisherman
teased
teasing

53 stroked
thousand
boat

54 saving
Sea-King's
palace
bottom

55 bloomed
gatekeeper
helpers
Princess

56 yesterday
saved
share

57 elephant
monkey
quarrel
climb
agree
pick

58 trunk

59 *stream*
neither
strength
quickness
gathered

60 bear
soldier
tame
march
really
inn
upstairs
gun

61 tramp
snuffed
rat-a-tat-tat
hold

62 left
led

63 sparrow
bleat
teach
taught

64 afterwards
sheep-fold
late

65 *tapped*
breakfast

66 swallow
sun-loving
hurrying
o'er
certain
cloudy
follow

67 cakes
baking
wore
cape
cap
those
dough

68 oven

69 *wood*-pecker

70 secret
cherry

71 shan't
whole

72 weather
skates
sleds
honey-*bees*
hum
pussies
willow-*trees*

73 magpie
lesson
mud
shape
thrush
sticks

74 twigs
wind
lining
suits
lined
alike

75 porcupine

76 *hog*
sitting

77 *tight*
knocked

79 ram
fed
mutton
against
struck

80 *free*
kindness
feed
ourselves

81 meal
roasted

82 live
gabbling
moss
farther

83 soup
wealthy

84 snug

85 wolves
neighbors
expecting
snapped
nipped
pecked
giant

86 witch
snipped

87 Atri
wrong
tower
bell-rope
ring
judges
punish

88 *rang*
robes
rung
thin
ding-dong

89 *nap*

90 *lame*
almost
blind
starving
belongs
castle

91 war
wherever
unless
bad
shame
word

92 stable

93 summer-maker
season
ice
bare
Ojeeg
Indian
deer
feast

94 *bow*
arrow
fingers
numb
use
wigwam
magic

95 *meet*
tears
smiled
fond
son

96 Otter
Beaver
Badger
journey
mountain
touched

97 jumper
breath
rock

98 fists
breeze
rushed

99 melted
sparkled
since

100 earn
living
straw

101 huff
rap

102 third
bricks

104 *rows*
juicy
o'clock

105 these

106 *fair*
churn
bought
except

108 *heat*
lid
visit

109 *wood*-cutter
wife
lose
noon

110 lifted
latch
hearth
speckled

111 meant
kitchen
dish
stew

112 large
bump
cellar

113 sent
tomorrow

114 hoot

115 peas

116 spoke
armful
clean
sheets

117 ivory
chairs
pinched
center
table
servants

118 surprised

120 *lad*
pantry

121 spread
serve

122 *crust*

123 instead
true
believe

124 worth

125 making
fellow

126 bench
perhaps

127 paid

128 months
January
February
April
June
posies
July
August
September
golden-rod
pod
October

129 November
chilly
whirling
frost
December
ends
nor
trembling

131 fluttering
content
earthy
blanket

132 sigh
stopped
colors

134 simply
pale-faced
frozen

135 *few*
completely
faithful
apart

136 Polly
clothes
broom
vase
napkins
plate

137 Susan
pink
Dora Jane
Hannah
careful
knife
teaspoon

138 carved
meat
potato
cranberry
sauce
squash
pie

139 dessert
raisins
visitors
scattered

140 front
steps
moment

141 cobwebs
trimmed
popcorn
candies
toys
locked
already
canary

142 spider
attic
poke
single

143 busy
halls

144 *teeny*
crawly

145 *trumpet*
face

146 wand

147 waved

148 lonely
blossoms

149 dare
steal
besides
timid

150 bunny's
hippity-*hop*
quiet

151 *tracks*
message

154 Joan
Pierre
French
village
torn
St. Nicholas

155 shoes

156 salute
American
trenches
hats
pair
brother

157 Junior

158 Abe
cabin
family
sold
soil

159 railroads
wagons
furniture
oxen
sank
hubs

160 trotted
chase
floated

161 distance
coax
weight
freeze
cruel
whines
waded

162 shivering
presidents

163 Betty
knit
coach
drawn
seat

164 crowds
welcome
fife
Robert

165 United States
shady
porch
stepped
curtsy

166 *maid*
rosy
kettle
fresh

167 *slices*
ham
leaned

168 robber
sprang

169 daises
dot
lady

170 plenty
violets
sheltered
storms

171 taken

172 lawn
aside
fold
prayers
dawns

173 Clytie
water-maiden
sea-caves
Apollo's
chariot
sun-god
begins
heavens

174 western
leads

175 pranced
neighed
tasted

176 slender
petals

177 Tom
elf
hammer
*tip*toe

178 *rip-rap*
tick-a-tack-
too
shrill
stitch

179 wrinkles

180 leather
apron
lap
snuff-box

181 ker-choo
sneezed

182 ditch

183 scarlet
stool
putting
whose
business

184 *bogs*
slipped
stumbled

185 pointing
dig
scarf

186 *gay*

187 hundreds
beaten

188 umbrella
odd
thistle-
down
thick

189 *toadstool*
crept
stem

191 twelve
Laura
Clara
hut
fretful
unkind
hate

192 pushed
wrapped

cloak
grapes
autumn

194 bunch
tore
strawberries

197 apronful

198 hurried

201 *stored*
potatoes
beets

202 merman
mermaid
bold
crown
throne
pearl

203 persons

205 caw
lake

209 beanstalk
market

211 silk

212 Queen
treasures
nurse
win

213 harp
thunder
finished

216 music
joyful
tune

217 ax
crash

218 tailor
act
shop
fit

219 marry
questions

220 *lie*

221 courtiers

222 ink
paper

223 less

224 tongue
teeth

225 goose-herd
books
park
read
tending
flock

226 order
school-
master
manage

227 *whip*
swung

231 rainbow
orange
wiped
sunbeams
gowns

232 *lots*
begun
Monday

233 Tuesday's
Tiu
spell
fear
Woden
wisdom
Wednesday

234 Thursday
Thor
lightning
Friday
Frigedaeg
Saturn
Saturday
fifty

0 inch
1
2
3
4
5
17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
datacolor